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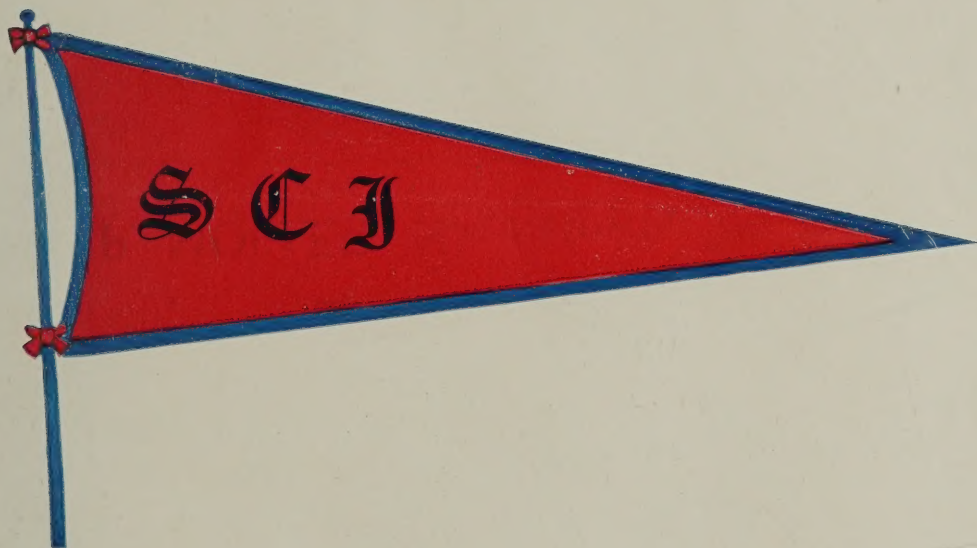


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ZEPHODIA

Volume 2

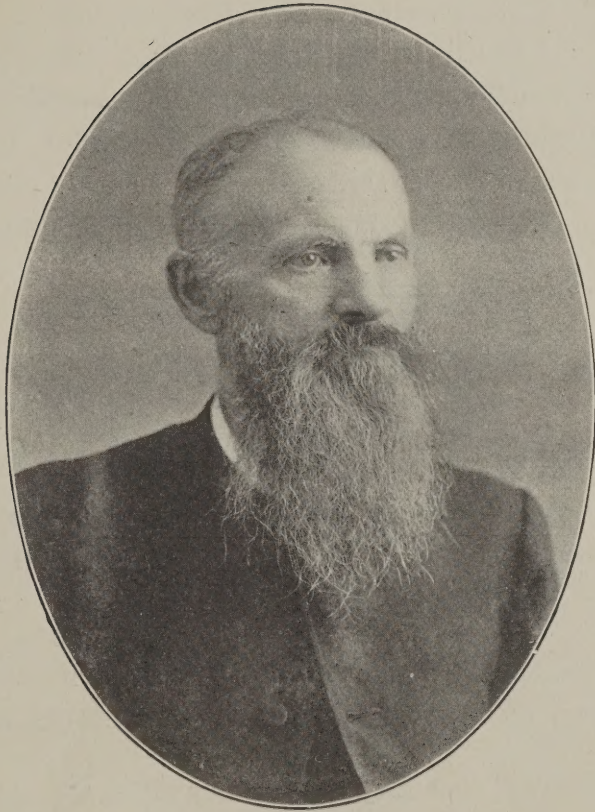
Published by

The Senior Class
of 1910

Dayton, = Virginia.

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To the memory of
Reverend John W. Howe
whose constant and loyal help has done so much
in developing and advancing our school, we
dedicate this, the second, volume of
Synodica
with grateful appreciation



REV. JOHN W. HOWE.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1909-'10.

SESSION began September 21, 1909.

EXAMINATIONS, December 20-22, 1909.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, December 23, 1909, January 4, 1910.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS, March 16-18, 1910.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS, May 30, June, 1, 1910.

CLOSING EXERCISES, May 27, June 2, 1910.

Program Commencement Week.

Friday, May 27, 8 p. m., ANNIVERSARY OF LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Saturday, May 28, 8. p. m., ORGAN AND PIANO RECITAL.

Sunday, May 29, 11 a. m., BACCALAUREATE—Rev. H. H. Fout, D. D.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Monday, May 30, 8 p. m., MUSICAL.

Tuesday, May 31, 8 p. m., ELOCUTIONARY ENTERTAINMENT.

Wednesday, June 1, 10, a. m., MEETING OF VISITORS AND BOARD
OF TRUSTEES.

Wednesday, June 1, 8 p. m., SENIOR CLASS ORATORICAL.

Thursday, June 2, 10:30 a. m., COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS—BISHOP W. M.
WEEKLEY, D.D., Kansas City, Mo.

Thursday, June 2, 2 p. m., CORNER-STONE LAYING ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING.

Thursday, June 2, 8 p. m., OPERA, "CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH."



FAMILIAR SCENES.

CONTENTS.

FACULTY.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Editorial.

The timid and apologetic manner in which Editorial Boards have been accustomed to cringe as they placed before the critical eye of the public the work they were elected to, has been held somewhat to scorn, and it has never been understood why most editorials in school annuals have assumed a tone so abjectly humble, and so profusely apologetic until now by the Editors of the second volume of Zynodoa.

But as we look over our production in retrospect and find ourselves realizing that we have not measured up to what we might have, we too, consider it prudent to give in to those reserved and self-depreciatory cries which we have been wont to consider as affected and common-place in others.

We have no intention of magnifying our own achievements -self-praise is poor recommendation, but we deem it only fair that you should at least have an adequate appreciation of our efforts on your behalf. We have aimed to make this volume II of Zynodoa a mirror in which is reflected the school life of S. C. I. during the session of 1909-10, and asking that you will not reprehend its imperfections too severely, we admit this to your unprejudiced criticisms.



ZYNODOA BOARD ROLL.

Editor-in-Chief,
J. D. GOOD.

Assistant Editor,
EDITH SUTER.

Historian,
JANIE GRIFFIN.

Prophet,
G. C. WILLIAMSON.

Elocutionary Department,
MARY RUEBUSH.

Organizations,
C. O. SMITH.

Illustrations,
FRANCES MILLARD.

Literature,
HAZEL HAMRICK.

Art Department,
VIOLA WIDMYER.

Calendar,
RUTH REDMAN.

Music,
LANA CHANEY.

Jokes,
SAIDEE HOLLER.



ZYNODOA BOARD.

How Would They Look?

Prof. Clarkson in a hurry.
Prof. Gammans with his hair combed.
Prof. Funkhouser in "short trousers."
Prof. J. H. with a "teddy bear."
Prof. W. H. weighing 250 pounds.
Prof. Harmon with a beard.
Prof. Good leading chapel exercises.
Prof. Barglebaugh posing for a picture.
Miss Crommett driving a "camel."
Miss Chase wearing a red wig.
Miss Crittenden in a ball-room.
Miss Fretwell in a good humor.
Miss Funkhouser and (?) in loving embrace.
Miss Smith wearing a "white cap."
Miss Bateman with false teeth.
Mrs. W. H. playing a jewsharp.
Miss Parke with a pug nose.



THE FACULTY.

FACULTY ROLL.

- | | |
|--|---|
| (2). PROF. W. H. RUEBUSH,
Voice, Band and Orchestra. | (9). MRS. VIRGINIA RUEBUSH,
Piano. |
| (3). MISS LOTTIE R. CRITTENDEN,
Piano and Pipe Organ. | (8). PROF. J. M. GOOD,
Piano and Tuning. |
| (1). PROF. J. H. RUEBUSH,
Headmaster. | |
| (4). PROF. JAMES A. HARMON,
Violin. | (7). MISS VIVA DALE CROMMETT,
Voice. |
| (5). MISS EMMA PARKE,
Piano. | (6). MISS JESSIE FUNKHOUSER,
Art. |



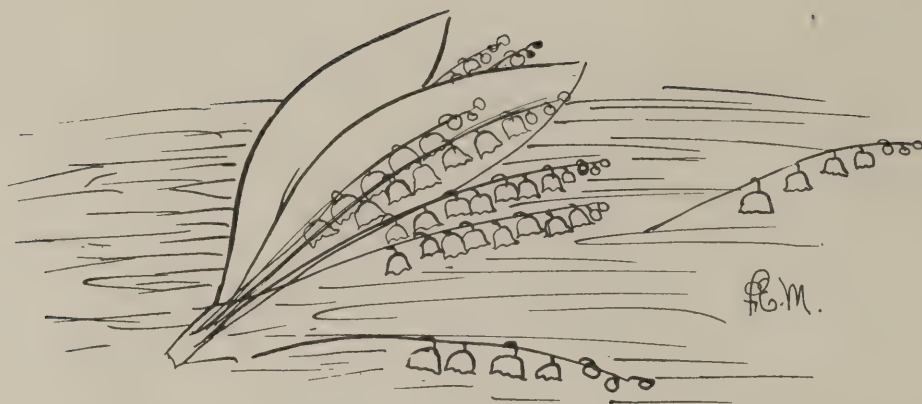
THE FACULTY.

FACULTY ROLL, Continued.

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|---|---|
| (11). PROF. C. E. BARGLEBAUGH,
Science and Mathematics. | (18). MISS OLA WARREN CHASE,
Elocution. |
| (12). MISS LEE BATEMAN,
Stenography. | (17). PROF. CHARLES E. CLARKSON,
History. |
| (10.). PROF. C. A. FUNKHOUSER,
Assistant Manager and Commercial. | |
| (13). PROF. HAROLD W. GAMMANS,
Language and English. | (16). MISS MATTIE FRETWELL,
Preparatory. |
| (14). MISS ZETTA SMITH,
Matron. | (15). PROF. GEO. P. HOTT,
Secretary and Treasurer. |



THE FACULTY, Continued.



SENIOR CLASS.

MOTTO: *Esse quam Videri.*

COLORS: *Green and White.*

FLOWER: *Lily of the Valley.*

YELL: Ho-ra! ho-ra! horen!
 We're the Class of Nineteen Ten!
 Thunder, Lightning, Hail, or Sleet
 We are Seniors are hard to beat!

OFFICERS.

President	E. N. FUNKHOUSER
Vice-President.....	J. D. Good
Secretary.....	FRANCES MILLARD
Treasurer.....	C. O. SMITH
Historian.....	JANIE GRIFFIN
Prophet.....	G. C. WILLIAMSON
Poet.....	EDITH SUTER



ELMER NEWTON FUNKHOUSER.

Classical.

Big Pool, Maryland.

"Seven" first gazed upon nature's "beauties" on January 16, 1891. As the years have added to his stature and manliness nature has impelled him to a greater admiration of her "beauties." During his four years at S. C. I. his earnestness and loyalty to duty have won for him the best wishes and esteem of all. He is in love with Chaney, Fretwell, and Ruby, but with him as with other people, "the course of true love never runs smooth."

'Tis hard to love and not be loved,
'Tis hard to love in vain,
For love is a killing thing
And Elmer's felt the pain.



EDITH VIRGINIA SUTER.

Classical and Elocution.

Dayton, Virginia.

The advent on May 10, 1892, of Edith near Mole Hill marked an epoch of that historical place. During the four years in school she has proved to be one of the most studious in our number. Modesty is her chief charm which is plainly shown when the young gentlemen accompany her home at night, she prefers their taking the opposite side of the street. Going to college is her pet dream.



JOHN DANIEL GOOD.

Classical.

Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Perhaps no one realized on January 29th, 1885, that a person of wonderful note, one that might shake the world to its very foundations, if he wished, had appeared in their midst. He has some worthy end in view for which he has been preparing himself by diligent work for the last four years at S. C. I., but he has not deemed it wise to impart this to the public. Some would suggest political life for his future, as success in oratory is one of his many accomplishments, and he might even be termed a second Demosthenes. He has been talking rather seriously lately of going farther South, probably to Greeneville, S. C., and has been seen wearing a diamond(?) ring.



HAZEL HAMRICK.

Classical.

Long Glade, Virginia.

Entered S. C. I. Sept. 21st, 1907, at the age of "sweet sixteen." Hazel has the brain of Newton, the physique of Sampson, which, if coupled with her inexhaustible supply of wit and humor would some day make her a literary genius, providing she does not go to Georgia to adorn the home of a former student of S. C. I.



ELMORE SLEET DEANE.

Classical.

Kinderhook, Virginia.

Elmore put his first wail in this world on July 6, 1879. Kinderhook has reason to be proud that among her citizens one is striving to reach so high a mark in this life. His determination and persistence have won for him a high standing among both his instructors and class-mates. A physician's lot is that which he is pursuing with an earnestness that will win for him many laurels. His stature is of commanding proportions, undoubtedly due to his constant feasting at the Manager's table, (Prof. J. H.).



JANIE WILSON GRIFFIN.

Classical.

Greeneville, S. C.

An ugly black-eyed child must have come, May 24, 1892, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Griffin, for it is an old saying, if a child is ugly when young it will probably be a beauty when it grows older. Janie is a very popular girl. She attended a female seminary last year, and cultivated a habit of speaking just anything she thought so this year she has been made to blush by her many breaks in her speeches. "Speak what you think just so it is the truth," is her motto.



MARY VIRGINIA RUEBUSH.

English.

Dayton, Virginia.

A pretty little lassie, with dark blue eyes and curling hair. Se is very independent and after you learn to know her well you find that she has a will of her own and does not "intend to be run over by anyone." Dreadfully coquettish and talks with her eyes. Elocution is her 'craze;' perhaps one reason for this is her devotion to her teacher. Some day she expects to astound the world by her wonderful success on the stage, soaring far above our modern actresses.



GROVER CLEVELAND WILLIAMSON.

English.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

From his mother's knee to the photographer's studio was his first step, where gazing daily on the portraits of learned men, he received his inspiration to become a blessing to those in need. Consequently with an ambition to rival the great physicians of our country, as well as those of Franklin Junction, Virginia, where he was born in 1888, he entered here September, 1908. Baltimore Medical College may claim him next year.



SAIDEE YOST HOLLER.

English and Elocution.

Dayton, Virginia.

When or whence this wide awake specimen of the fair sex first opened her eyes history does not relate. September, 1908, found her answering roll call in the class-rooms, however scarcely any questions. Yet her remarkable, indescribable, charming, dancing brown eyes and presence of mind have brought her safely through many perplexities, and she is now waiting her diplomas.



FRANCES MILLARD.

Piano.

Martinsburg, West Virginia.

Born in the month when the birds sing, June 23, 1890, in the little town of Annville, Penn. "Tall and sublimely fair." Her size is only exceeded by her good qualities. Her height makes her very conspicuous but her good qualities are even greater than her height. Frances is known for her ingenious ideas and planning ways and means for the advancement of Y. W. C. A. work, and her Literary Society, as well as for social events. But back of this lies a mischievous nature which results in many jokes on her schoolmates. Her favorite expression: "You make me feel right foolish."



CARL O. SMITH.

English.

Ivy Depot, Va.

Here we have on exhibition a most remarkable specimen of humanity hailing from the red clay of Albemarle County. Especially noted for change of mind as well as change of girls. Born with a mania for inventions, he has recently startled the world with one. Enters Law Dept. of University next year.



LANA JANE CHANEY.

Piano.

Hagerstown, Md.

The bright sunbeams first beheld "Chaney" on the thirteenth day of June, 1892. Although an unlucky number to some people, it has not proved so in her case. She is the only child and therefore has everything she wants. Always cheerful and looks on the bright side of everything; for when she is troubled she simply says, "Oh! that'll be all right." Another of her good qualities is industry. One occupation especially consumes a great deal of time—making candy for (?) Perhaps you can guess whom.



RUTH REDMAN.

Piano.

Pilot Mountain, N. C.

September 30, 1889,—“dumped” from a mule-cart in the little town of Pilot Mountain, North Carolina. The little blue-eyed “Ruth” entered S. C. I. '08, hoping by June '10 to become a second “Mozart,” though her success has been crowned with many misfortunes, having “knocked out” five teeth and broken one toe. Going to teach the coming generation to sing the Do, Re Me's.



JOHN LOOMIS STRICKLAND.

English.

Spring Hope, N. C.

Born June 22, 1889, he beautifully tells his own story in these words: “I early showed considerable talent at the medical profession in being either able to kill or cure all the cats and dogs in the neighborhood that chanced to be in any way indisposed, as well as being able to entertain all stray sparrows that came near my sanitarium. Accordingly my parents decided to equip me for further development of this talent by sending me to this notable place.”



VIOLA WIDMYER.

Piano.

Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

Brought by an angel, January 11, 1892. Entered S. C. I. in the fall of '09, and became a member of the notable Class of '10. Likes to be known as “the little Yankee from W. Va.,” and is very fond of “Belle Meade Sweets.” She has had the misfortune to become the divine subject of a modern Baal worshiper, Chesney, a Junior.



NORMA BEATRICE BRAMLEY.

Piano.

El Reno, Okla.

Born September 12, 1892, in Cleveland, Ohio, a little girl by the name of Norma Beatrice Bramley. In the seventeen years that have just passed she has increased in size and weight, but in spite of this she is especially light on her feet. She is known by all for her sweet singing. While some are known as heart-smashers "Bramley" is better known as a "chair smasher."



BERNARD VINCENT POLAND.

English.

Bradbury Beach, N. J.

Washed upon the beach on March 10, 1890. Entered S. C. I., 1909-'10.

First in Basket-ball.

First in Vaulting.

First to wear white trousers in the spring time.

First in the heart of Miss Wilkins.



LUCY PEARLE KIRTLEY.

Piano.

Seville, Va.

Heard her first lullaby on July 14, 1891. Matriculated at S. C. I. September 21, 1907, and has been practicing Mendelssohn's Wedding March ever since. A coming event seems to necessitate this practice. Will she play it for herself? All her friends will ever remember her great desire to add "more land" to her estate, and sometimes actually plans to extend her property over into Maryland.



FRANK HALTOM.

Piano.

Henderson, Texas.

Frank was left by a distracted stork at Henderson in 1890, having come to this state of mind because of the lassie's tendency to cornet playing and cowboy chivalry. Her name indicates her frank, open manner, and therein lies her popularity at school. From childhood she has dreamed of being a great cornetist and nothing is more familiar at our musical programs than Frank with her little gold cornet. She also plays the piano with grace and skill. Take her with all other accomplishments and Frank stands at the top.



FREEMAN MILTIADES RINKER.

English.

Mt. Jackson, Va.

From July 7, 1888, until September, 1909, S. C. I. was wholly ignorant of the fact that it was to shape the destiny of such a character, nevertheless his presence this year has given it an opportunity and it has played its part well. The "Haile-storm" checked his maddened pace soon after his arrival, nearly bearing him down, but he arose a wiser boy.



RUTH ELLEN ABBOTT.

Piano.

Sanford, Fla.

Entered school September, 1909, at the age of 18. If you ever see a young lady walking down the campus at a most peculiar gait, bouncing up and down, you will know it is "Florida." If you will notice her face you will see that care-worn expression there that every great student has. She does most of her practicing down at the drug store, "drinking soft drinks." "Abbott is a 'daisy,'" and if she doesn't watch out she will be "et up by the cows."



EFFIE STICKLEY.

Piano.

Strasburg, Va.

(Born, November 4, 1890,—destiny, an old maid). She is a very modest little girl, and was never known to flirt with a boy. Entered S. C. I., '09. When she had matriculated, she was asked by an old student what she would study. She answered, in a rather independent manner, "Only Piano, Voice, and Vocal."



QUINTIN ANDES.

English.

Hinton, Va.

Hinton was brought into public notice on that beautiful 14th day of August, 1890, when to its already quiet and respectful citizenship was added "Quintin." His youth was spent among the hills and valleys of his father's farm, and in early manhood he followed the plow very successfully; thus preparing his physical being for wonderful athletic feats, which were to take place on our fields. He dreams of caging "a fair West Virginia canary," and again follow the vocation of his earlier life.

OLLIE ROZETTE PHILLIPS.

Commercial.

Athlone, Va.

Miss Phillips became one of us too late to be "took."

This brown-eyed maid first made her appearance on our planet March 16, 1890. Apparently so studious, so shy and reserved, but those girls who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to occupy a room adjoining hers differ somewhat from the general opinion, for under this calm and dignified exterior lies a nature so jolly and joke-loving that you could scarcely believe it. Not a few of the girls in her hall have been the victims of her schemes, but perhaps she will never forget the first day of April when her cheerful nature was somewhat frozen by a cold water bath which she unexpectedly received.



MARGARET MORGAN.

Piano.

Frostburg, Md.

Entered school in the Fall of 1909 at the age of 16 years, and is still here. Margaret plays on the violin as well as the piano. She furnishes music for the whole back hall, and you can hear her playing at most any time in the day her favorite piece, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." If there is any one in the school who will get their "well done, good and faithful servant" send off, it will be Margaret.



THOMAS ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Music Teacher.

Martin, Ga.

On August 20, 1888, Georgia extended a greeting of good cheer to Thomas, who lay in a "cute" little cradle in one of the cottages of Martin. His early life was passed as a "typical Georgia Cracker." Later he became possessed with the desire to be a musician, and therefore left his happy home and entered the Shenandoah Collegiate Institute and School of Music, and Bible Study, Dayton, Ashby District, Rockingham County, Virginia, United States of America, Western Hemisphere, Top side of the Earth.



HATTIE VIRGINIA KISSLING.

Piano.

Grottoes, Va.

Entered S. C. I. September 1908, at the age of 18 years (she says). To look at Hattie one would think that she is an innocent little creature, but her looks deceive you. She likes noise and plenty of it, and she generally makes the most of it herself. She not only excels in mischief, but is also quite a master of music, both vocal and instrumental.

"Use and importance not yet discovered."



NAOMI HORTON.

Piano.

Gaffney, S. C.

Born October 27, 1888, near Gaffney, S. C.; entered S. C. I. September 21, 1908. Her parents expected her to be a second Naomi of Bible times, but to their great sorrow, she has wandered far from the Ideal; and all for the sake of an unsuccessful attempt to be the "star pianist" of this great world.



JOHN C. BREWINGTON.

Music Teacher.

Spartansburg, S. C.

Taken from an ark of bull-rushes in Union county, S. C., January 4, 1873. Entered S. C. I. 1906-'07, and after three years of success in the field of gospel work, he entered S. C. I. to train his melodious voice in harmony with his preaching and join the notable class of '10.



GRACE MADYLINE PATRIQUIN.

Piano.

Horton, West Virginia.

Entered S. C. I. the Spring of 1909 at the age of eighteen years. Grace comes from the state of West Virginia, where the sun's full glory shows itself at 11 a. m. and hides itself behind the western hills at 1 p. m. She is quite a musician, and her art has been the means of capturing many a wooing lover, but to their great sorrow she declines them all (?).

'Nature has formed many strange things in her time.'



EUNICE LILLIAN ANDERSON.

Elocution. Timmonsville, South Carolina.

Our little girl from Dixie came to S. C. I. three years ago at the age of eighteen seeking knowledge and now she is a typical Senior. In elocution she is quite an artist. Her pet phrases: To those she likes, "You blooming sinner;" to one she dislikes, "I have nothing in the world for you to do;" when determined to do a thing, "So help me Johnny."



SILAS EGNEW ARNOLD.

Music Teacher. Cave Springs, Georgia.

With his fitful cries awoke the echoes, August 13, 1880. Entered S. C. I. 1910. He is a member of our Quartet who has launched his canoe on the matrimonial sea. May his melodious voice calm every "fresh squall" that chances to come to his ear!



BESSYE HENKEL FRANKLIN.

Commercial. Staunton, Va.

Bessye entered school September 1909, with book-keeping as her highest aim, of which she has made a great success. Always pleasant and ready to lend a helping-hand. She was never known to go with a boy and when asked why, she replied, "Papa doesn't want me to." Although she is from Staunton she knows nothing about the Western State Hospital, more commonly known as the Insane Asylum.



FLORENCE BELLE SUTTON.

Stenography.

Greeneville, S. C.

When Florence's existence first began, November 15, 1892, she was a promising child in health, but sorry to say she has put away all such ideas of being stout. To see her she seems destined to be a cross old maid, but when you know her she is as jolly, witty and industrious as anyone. By and by she will lose all jolliness and wit; then when industry alone is left, there will be "paste curls, knitting, and an old black cat to sit at her feet."



SAMUEL OMAR ARNOLD.

Music Teacher.

Crossville, Alabama.

Pushed forward his canoe from the South bank at Rome, Ga., July 11, 1884. Entered S. C. I. 1910. He is one of the few Seniors who has been fortunate in capturing a Southern belle. And is learning to sing Lulla-byes—wonder why?



MISS FLORENCE ANNIE FRIDLEY.

Stenography.

Harrisonburg, Va.

Florence is the happy-go-lucky lassie of the Senior Class; always wears a smile that wont come off; is one of the few who think there is no place like Harrisonburg. Was once inclined to be a society lady, but could not make a success, and has chosen private life. Wishes to bet she will be married next year, but no one will bet sure money.

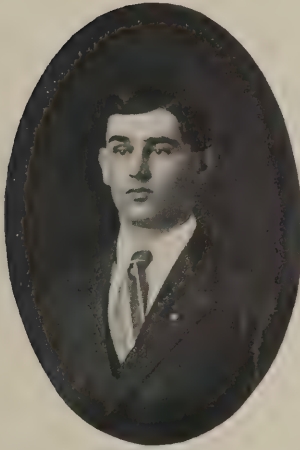


NAYDNE HAILES.

Commercial.

Liverpool, Ohio.

After spending 17 years with her parents she entered S. C. I. September, 1909. Naydne delights in telling what she will and will not do, but always somehow or other does it anyway, after reasoning with herself. Have you ever noticed how suddenly a thunder-gust comes up? No damage is done, only a good deal of fuss. This is a simile of Naydne. "She has brass enough to make a saucepan and sauce enough to fill it."



ELMER GUY VANCE.

Commercial.

Sangersville, Va.

Elmer would make a fine athlete if properly trained, as his strength is far superior to the rest of his classmates. His age is almost forgotten because of his peculiar face. Nevertheless Sangersville still appreciates the remembrance of Elmer's advent among them on the 25th of July, 1888. He and his camera are frequent visitors to places of retreat with girls who like to have their beauty struck, and many times they are "the other fellow's girl."



FLOSSIE CURTIS.

Commercial. Music Teacher.

Gladys, W. Va.

"Chick" is a dear little girl with lovely hair (curled daily). The cause of her diminutive size results from the simple fact that she considers life too short to occupy much time in developing physical greatness. But in intellect she is a genius; always in a hurry, and in music hopes some day to master every Bar (net).



CHARLIE HOWARD MORRIS.

Commercial.

Baltimore, Md.

Howard first breathed of this earth's balmy atmosphere at Grottoes Va., on the 23d of September, 1893. Here he lived and enjoyed peace and happiness that a boy only enjoys in Old Dixie. His surroundings became too humble for such an aspirant, consequently his parents moved him to Baltimore where he has learned many arts. Howard likes the girls and they like him; but for the want of power to select one from the number for his fair affinity, procrastination and other fellows have stolen them all.



ROBERT McDUFFY BOLDING.

Music Teacher.

Pickens, S. C.

Robert took his first voice lesson October 24, 1875, and has ever since been impressed by the beauty of music, so he entered S. C. I. in the fall of '09 to prepare himself for a music teacher. He has already learned to raise cotton and hopes to learn to raise his voice, as well as to teach his young "Roberts" to sing.

CLASS POEM '10.

Come, listen awhile, and I'll tell you a tale
That, as ages go by, will never grow stale.
It's a tale of the "Seniors of nineteen and ten,"
And I'll wager you'll hear from them all soon again.

They have courage and strength; they've the will and the vim;
In the battle of life they most surely will win;
For e'en in the midst of their strenuous work,
Not one ever thinks for an instant to shirk.

And so with this courage, this strength and this will,
They all will go forth regardless of ill,
That the crown they've long sought, when at last it is won,
May be rich and resplendent, for duty well done.

To the stern call of duty they'll never say "No,"
Though the cry come from near or from far, they will go;
And as they go forth, they will dare, though they fall,
To show to the world that they heeded the call.

For what is a life, if no good it has done ?
May not each one of these at his life's setting sun
Close his eyes to all care in the sweet peaceful thought
That he has not lived and made struggle for naught.

And when troubles do come so severe and so fast,
And it seems for awhile that they always will last,
Let each raise his face with good cheer and a smile,
For there is a bright side which he'll see after awhile.

Yes, there is e'er a bright side, no matter what care;
And there's always a God that will help one to bear
Each burden that's placed on a soul in this life;
So, each should be noble and brave in the strife.

And now a farewell, a good-bye, S. C. I.,
With an ache in the heart and a tear in the eye;
But the ideals formed and the many things gained
Must with us through life surely ever remain.

Esse Quam Videri.

W. H. R.

(TO THE CLASS OF 1910.)

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

UNISON.

1. Be up and be do-ing, this life is too fleet-ing, To waste precious moments in
2. The path you must tread may some-times lead to sor-row, Some tri-als to meet and some

vain i-dle dream-ing, Far bet-ter the real things in life to be meet-ing, Than
cross-es be bear-ing, The chal-ice of life may not greet you to-mor-row, No


REFRAIN.

act-ing a part which is on-ly but seem-ing, } Be true to your-self and to
earth's di-a-dem on your brow may be wear-ing.

oth-ers a-bout you, Of life make the most, make it wor-thy the liv-ing, Your

face not a mask causing oth-ers to doubt you, A life no-bly lived is the high-est of giv-ing.

CLASS HISTORY.

 ON THE afternoon of September the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and nine, the four mighty winds of the earth came together in a terrific whirl. When they had calmed and the whirl was over, it was discovered that a very select group of boys and girls had been left at Dayton, the "Garden Spot" of Virginia—it was the Senior Class of 1910.

The history of this class is one of effort and attainment; a record of struggle and reward. Not all bore the same weapons with which to fight their way through the perils and hardships of the various courses. Some depended upon brain and energy; some, wholly upon energy; and others, upon "bluffing."

Soon the battle was on. Our host fought nobly and placed our flag well in the foreground. The Class was well represented in all the phases of school life. Some distinguished themselves on the athletic field; some, in the class-room; and some proved to be especially talented in music. Our work in the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was all that could be desired—the presidents of both organizations being members of our Class.

Our motto, *Esse Quam Videri* (to be rather than to appear), has been kept foremost in the lives of all our members. But we must not forget one of the most important parts of our history; namely, the kind and loving help of our loyal Faculty. As we have been striving to learn the many truths set before us just so has each member of the Faculty striven to teach them to us. They have been our friends and guides not only intellectually and morally, but also spiritually. They have ever endeavored to place before us, as our ideal, Christ, the perfect One.

As we stand now, our school life is filled with the duties, responsibilities and pleasures that belong to a Senior. If the way has been long, we have reached the end; if the path has led through the desert of broken dreams and disappointing hopes, we have come to the green tree and sparkling fountain at last. For most of our work is over, most of the road has been traveled, and as we look forward to what the next few weeks hold for us, lingering thoughts of sadness and regret begin to fill our minds. The mist, that until now has hovered around us, is beginning to fade; our dreams are becoming realities. As we gather at sunset to sing our songs, our thoughts are turning to our class-mates and our Alma Mater. Our hearts are aching with sorrow at the mere thought of parting from those who have been so much to us during our stay here. Twilight is fast stealing over us, and soon the sun of nineteen ten will be sinking far below the horizon. Soon we shall be dispersed and wandering North, South, East and West over this great nation, and perhaps world.

As we go, it is to you, dear Alma Mater, we give the first place in our hearts, you, who has guided us so wisely, and kept us so well. It is to you the Class of nineteen ten gives its last, its final farewell. J. W. G.

CLASS PROPHECY.

It was early in the Spring. All day a fine rain had fallen steadily, and the mists hung heavy over hills and valley. The lower hills were wrapped as in a winding sheet, and the trees were dripping with moisture. But later in the day the clouds began to drift away. The western sky was clear, with the sun still above the hills. In an old chestnut tree, that leaned far out over the valley, a crow shook from his plumage the raindrops and dried himself in the warm sunlight.

Along the north side of the ridge there is an old trail that leads down into the valley. Over this trail a stranger was walking and looking searchingly into the mists, on every hand, and paused frequently as if questioning the proper course. His form was stooped, perhaps with weariness, but he journeyed on with his little medicine case and never grumbled. Suddenly he stepped quickly forward. His ear had caught the sharp ring of a horse's shoe on a flint rock somewhere in the mists on the mountain side above. It was one of the mountaineers coming down the trail with a week's supply of corn meal in a sack across the horse's back. As the traveler's figure emerged from the mists, the native checked his horse to greet the newcomer with the customary salutation "Howdy?" The stranger returned the greeting cordially and resting his case on a rock beside the path said: "I am very glad to meet you, I fear I am lost."

The boy looked at the speaker in wide-eyed wonder. Then throwing one leg over the old mare's neck and waving a long arm up the hill, to the left, pointing into the mists with the other hand he tried to point out to the stranger the surrounding country.

"Maybe you come t' look for the big mine they say's in the cave?" interrogated the lad pointing down to one of the hollows.

"No," said the other, "I have not been in these mountains before and I am not looking for mines."

"There's some mighty strange things stirrin' on this here mountain, an' in th' holler down yonder. Say, Mister, did you ever see a hant?" As he spoke, the boy leaned forward and glanced into the forest to the left of the path. "Look at that, Mister, yonder thar by that big rock."

The traveler, looking, thought he saw a form wild and ghost-like in the mists; but in an instant it vanished among the hundreds of fanciful shapes in the gray forest.

Having secured the lad's assurance that the 'Parson' who lived three miles ahead would give him food and shelter for the night, the old man

toiled slowly up the hill from the mists of the lower ground to the ridge above, and on to the log house on the distant hillside.

While the good wife was busy with her after-supper work the Parson and his guest sat on the front porch and puffed at their pipes. The moon was slowly pushing her way through the lofty screen on the mountain wall, until the rays fell into the valley below, and the drifting mists became a sea of ghastly light. And, after discussing the topics of the day the stranger asked that he might be shown to his room, as he was weary and tired and needed rest.

He climbed the steps to the attic, which was tidily arranged and formed a cozy, half-story room. Seating himself comfortably in an easy chair at the little window that looked out over the top of the shed roof he gazed out into the beautiful moonlight. And far over the ridges he could see the old trail over which he had traveled. As he looked on the far-stretching scene his mind reflected speedily over the many events of his journey. And they flitted by, one by one, the old mare, the boy's conversation, the ghost, and the big cave of which he had been told. His great mind yearned for more knowledge of the strange happenings that surrounded the neighborhood. Almost living over again the afternoon and evening his eyes grew weary and soon he was gazing into the fanciful dreamland.

Wishing not to disturb the preacher and his family, he crawled out on the shed through the little window and by the aid of a ladder he climbed to the ground safely. Glancing up he saw an old lantern hanging on the kitchen wall. Feeling sure he would need it he took it with him. Though the moon shone brightly yet, in the timber under the bluff, it was very dark. The man ventured around the bluff and came near to what was called the opening of the big cave, which was nearly hid by ferns, vines, and branches of low cedar. He lighted his lantern and started in, dropping to his knees, and with one hand pushing aside the screen of vines and branches, he crawled on hand and knees into the narrow passage. Some distance from the entrance the passage turned sharply and opened into a hall-way high enough to stand erect.

The course dipped downward at a gentle angle. The ceilings and sides dripped with moisture. Soon the sound of running water was heard, and entering a wider room a sparkling stream flowed from under the rocky wall. Not long the path climbed upward, the footing grew firmer, and the walls and ceiling drier; the passage, too, grew wider and higher. Overhead pure white stalactites and frost-like formations glittered in the light, forming what seemed to be a crystal palace. The man stopped in amazement. "What have I come into!" he gasped. Reaching his hand out he touched one of the shinning masses. As he did so each mass echoed and re-echoed, until they formed a beautiful strain of music.

He began to see more clearly now, and peering between the formed columns he saw a large arched chain, apparently of white marble. Going

nearer a soft female voice came to his ear, , 'What wilt thou in this place?'" Stepping backward and gasping for breath he replied, "Who—are—you ?"

"Don't be alarmed," returned the voice, "I am the daughter of Father Time; come this way, I can bring before you the present, past, and future." The man moved nearer; he saw a beautiful form seated in a chair with a large book. The leaves of the book seemed to be of peculiar glass.

"Just at this time you are thinking of your dear old school days," turning the first page as she spoke. "The first scene is your graduating class of S. C. I.;" the picture was perfect, each face with its natural expression. He then recalled many happenings in the class and requested to see and hear more of it.

The maiden turned another page and a large portrait was revealed; underneath was inscribed Elmer N. Funkhouser, founder of Big Pool Theological Seminary. He grew up with nature, never left a thing half done, had a wonderfully strong mind, and was a thorough athlete. His great ambition was to teach.

The next picture was a little Southern home with beautiful vines growing around the piazza. Looking closely there was someone arranging the flowers. The maiden looked up and said it was formerly Miss Hazel Hamrick of Virginia, but desiring to go further South she expects to spend the remainder of her days in the State of Georgia.

Turning another page and a court-room was revealed. Without asking it was said that the judge was Carl O. Smith, who had finished his course in the "Old Dominion" and, after many defeats, had really succeeded in capturing the hand of the blue-eyed lassie, Miss Janie Griffin.

Another page, and a musical establishment was seen. The sign overhead read, Crawford, Arnold Bros. & Co., Dealers in all Kinds of High-Grade Music. Largest Music House in the South.

On the opposite page was an interior view of a High School. The faculty consisted of Profs. Andes and Rinker, Misses Horton and Morgan of the Literary department; with Miss Kirtley and Miss Franklin of the Music and Elocution department.

The next page showed a large picture in New York City, a school of Oratory and Expression. On the corner-stone were carved the names of the founders of this great school, Misses Edith Suter, Eunice Anderson, Mary Ruebush and Saidee Holler.

The next vision was a sign in red letters, B. V. Poland, Attorney-at-law. The stranger asked to see more of his class-mates. Another scene appeared. It was the interior of Mr. Poland's office, and seated at a large secretary was Miss Hailes as private secretary.

In the same building, but on the upper floor was another office. The sign above the door was "Stenographers to Let." In the office was a desk and several tables around which were seated Messrs. Vance and Morris, Misses Curtis, Friddle, Sutton, and Hawkins.

The next scene was a portrait of a big-hearted specimen of femininity, Miss Lana Jane Chaney. After receiving her diploma at S. C. I. she won many laurels in the New England Conservatory and accepted a high position in that great school. She was never known to grumble. "That's all right," was her motto.

Another sign was in view. Gayety spelled out with electric lights over an Old Ivy front of a Nickellodian. At the side on a bill board was a picture of a charming young lady, and under the picture read: "Miss Grace Patriquin, the Great Soprano, will render a selection after every picture; Miss Patriquin will be assisted by Miss Kissling, with Miss Stickley as pianist at 7:30 tonight. Admission 5c.

Another scene in view. It was an open square in a Western town. There was a platform and around this were about two thousand people assembled. The maiden said, "that is the evangelist Strickland, and he is assisted by Misses Bramley and Redman as soloists."

The next picture was that of a middle-aged man. Inscribed on the picture was, "E. S. Dean, M. D., Dean of John Hopkins University."

Another page was turned, and it was a sign to be tacked over the door of a sitting-room of a magnificent Southern home. It read: "Please keep quiet; Miss Abbott is sleeping, reading, or entertaining the Doctor."

The maiden turned another leaf and pointing to a portrait of Frances Willard, then back to the picture on the page of the book, said: "Frances Millard will rival that woman in usefulness to suffering humanity. Frances' life is as pure as the dew-drops that sparkle in the morning sun. She is always pondering how to serve her race, her God."

"From the past, through the present, and to the future have I gone," thought the stranger as he stood there in that palatial cavern viewing the last of his dear old class-mates. But recalling what had passed before him he missed one face—the manager of the Zynodoa Board. He then enquired about the one class-mate. As he spoke the lights around him changed, making it dark except the few rays from his own lantern. The arched chair seemed to fold away leaving nothing but the rude rocky columns. He retreated the best he could the way he came and soon reached the narrow passage which led to the opening of the cavern.

There was a change. The moon was nearly hid by the hills far across the valley. From the barnyards of the distant hills a cock-a-doodle-do was occasionally heard. Hastening, he returned to his room; wishing, however, not to disturb the dog. Climbing up the old ladder to the shed roof his foot slipped and he tumbled to the ground. The good old Parson hearing noise in the room which his guest occupied, climbed the steps to investigate. Peering into the room he discovered the stranger picking himself up from the floor. He had been sleeping in his chair and had not been to the big cave.

At the breakfast table he told his dream. As he spoke of S. C. I.

and the class of '10 the 'Parson' turned to his wife in surprise and said, "Why, my dear, that's the year I graduated at S. C. I." "Yes, John, and you were the manager of the class, weren't you?"

For a moment the meal was discontinued. The 'Parson' and his guest stared at each other wonderingly. Then recognizing the resemblances of younger days the former Class prophet and manager clasp hands and lived over again in memory their happy school days of more than thirty years before.

G. C. W., Prophet.





JUNIOR CLASS.

MOTTO:—*Failes des Efforts les plus Nobles.*

COLORS: *Dark Blue and Gold.*

FLOWER: *Daisy.*

YELL: Rip-ity, rap-ity, rip-ity rye,
We're the leaders of S. C. I.,
Look at our number, six times seven,
Juniors ! Juniors ! Nineteen 'leven.

OFFICERS:

President.....	CHARLES O. MILFORD
Vice President.	LOTTIE E. RINKER
Secretary.....	ROSS H. FLANNIGAN
Treasurer.....	THEODORE SHUEY
Historian.....	J. HORACE HOTT

CLASS ROLL.

Theodore Shuey,	Irma M. Nedrow
J. Horace Hott	Bessie R. Shumaker
V. L. Wyant	Aura L. Coffman
J. Walton Harrison	J. Glen McAdams
Solon I. Funkhouser	Marvin L. McAdams
Lake W. Koontz	Minnie L. Joyce
Russell S. Rhodes	Sallie O. Morgan
Otis E. Berry	C. O. Milford
S. S. Sencindiver	A. A. Julian
I. W. Faught	W. Amos Jones
Amos W. Deale	Claud V. Leslie
L. T. Pickering	R. C. Hammond
Robert Dickson	I. Delona McCraw
Lottie E. Rinker	Annie M. Hayne
Nellie Fleming	J. B. Parker
Irene M. Coffman	E. C. Willis
Monnie Miley	Ione H. Long
Myrtie M. Bowman	Gladys V. Huffer
Beulah Kaylor	J. Chesney Funkhouser
Lola D. Swisher	Ross H. Flanagan
Alberta Amado	C. E. Clarkson, Frater in Facultate



JUNIOR CLASS.

JUNIOR FORECAST.

Among the latest discoveries in the recent archæological explorations, there was discovered a great roll of papyrus, probably several thousand years old. Upon examination, it was found to be covered with innumerable hieroglyphics. Eminent scholars soon deciphered the writing, and found it to be a prophecy, written by Meci, a prophet who lived 3100 B. C. The Author succeeded in purchasing the relic at a fabulous price, and now presents it to the public for the first time.

I. And I, Meci, do hereby say that a great people calling themselves the Juniors of 1910, shall arise at an opportune time, and great shall be their glory.

II. And yea, they shall adorn themselves with much blue and gold, and they shall be exceedingly handsome.

III. And they will have their likeness made, and in it they shall shine as the stars.

IV. And behold, a leader shall be chosen from among them, and he shall be Milford the Tall.

V. And lo, I further say that they shall go forth in war, and much bloodshed shall attend their conquests.

VI. And they shall have many conflicts with a fierce and mighty host, the Seniors of 1910,

VII. And yet, ever daring, they shall again go forth in another war and conquer the Sophomores of 1910, and yea with much force shall they cast them down.

VIII. And a fierce and ignorant people shall pit themselves against the mighty Juniors, and their names shall be the Freshmen of 1910. But they shall be as dough, and shall be kneaded into an unrecognizable mass.

IX. And these Juniors shall be mighty in numbers. Yea, they shall be from all nations, even unto Ireland.

X And in yet another year, they shall make a great book, which shall be as full of wisdom as Solomon.

XI. And behold in their numbers shall be Solon, and verily, by much loafing shall his face be remembered of men.

XII. And they shall have exceeding much money, and Shuey shall keep the keys of their vaults.

XIII. Yea verily they shall also have much talent, and by many "strange noises," shall it be made known that they are musicians.

XIV. And the abode of this powerful tribe of Juniors shall be on the banks of Cook's Creek, in the city of Dayton, in a land now undiscovered.

XV. And I, Meci, have faithfully set these things down just as they were forecasted by me.

FINIS.



500 PROPOSE MORE



RM

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

MOTTO : *Per aspera ad astra.*

COLORS : *Purple and Orange.*

FLOWER : *American Beauty Rose.*

YELL.

Razzle, Dazzle ! Hip Zoo Ry !

Riff Raff Roar !

S. C. I. S. C. I.

Sophomore !

OFFICERS.

President.....	M. L. BANNISTER
Vice-President.....	LAURA E. FRIES
Secretary.....	G. WILDA FOUT
Treasurer.....	MABEL F. HAMMACK
Historian.....	G. W. HARLOW

CLASS ROLL.

Bannister, Madison Lamar,
Brownlee, S. E.
Campbell, Winifred Elizabeth
Coffman, Jessie
Davis, Lucy Elizabeth
Fout, Georgia Wilda
Fries, Laura Evangeline
Gano, Anna Burnie
Gano, Nora Mareta
Hammack, Mabel Forest
Hammer, Walter F.
Harlow, George W.
Hauvermale, Pauline
McFall, Myrie
McSwain, Dovie
Murphy, Hoolin
Obaugh, Bucher
Pinson, Clara Mae
Redman, Mollie
Showalter, Edith Cathryne
Smith, Jessie Madison
Smith, Lenna Ruby
Wright, Blanch



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY.

We frequently hear the statement, "History repeats itself;" however, it cannot be wholly substantiated by facts. This, many historians have discovered, greatly to their sorrow.

It is a fact that has never been more strikingly noticed than since the organization of the Sophomore Class.

On the twenty-fourth day of January, nineteen ten, two prospective graduates of nineteen twelve had remarkable dreams. Each, in the midst of a radiant splendor, heard a great voice proclaim, "Organize, Sophomore's, organize! You shall hold a very high position in the history of the Institution." After relating their wonderful experience to each other, they decided to consult the Faculty concerning the organization of a Sophomore Class, which met their hearty approval.

The same day a meeting was called and an organization effected. The membership, though small at first, has increased until it now numbers twenty-three. They have begun to realize the real importance of their school work; they are striving to reach the summit which their aspirations hold in view; but some are dreaming of future happiness with the fair lassie or laddie, which their fancy hopes to win. With all these high aims and noble efforts we may safely predict the future of this class from the past, that, after they have finished their work here, and have gone forth into the world to fill its various vocations, the history of their struggles and victories will be an inspiration to all following classes.

HISTORIAN.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

MOTTO: *Ever pertinacious.*

COLORS: *Black and Red.*

FLOWER: *Pink Rose.*

YELL.

Hippity hop! Hippity he!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Wise are we!
Hippity hop! Hippity hi!
We're the best of S. C. I!

OFFICERS.

President.....J. K. MORELAND
Vice-President.....PALMER EUBANK
Secretary.....VERA REXROAD
Assistant Secretary.....ROBERT EUBANK
Prophet... ..A. M. REID
Assistant Prophet.....EMMA GARDNER

MEMBERS.

J. H. Moreland,
Vera Rexroad,
Robert Eubank,
Eva Rexroad,
A. M. Reid,
Emma Gardner,
Daphna Stinespring,
Fannie Hull,
E. S. Livermore,
F. H. Kiblinger,
Alfred Adams.
J. L. Walker,
Jessie F. Clinedinst
Eunice Snipes
F. C. Mitchell
E. A. Wilson

J. B. Shirley
Ethel Hiner
H. R. Harrison
Palmer Eubank
E. L. Adams
Jesse L. Smith
Ruth C. Henkel
D. C. Blevins
O. M. Strickler
E. C. Kauffman
M. E. Figart
F. C. Deal
D. V. Garber
I. M. Long
W. Swanson
J. O. Ewing



FRESHMAN CLASS.

FRESHMEN'S PROSPECTUS.

To the bewilderment of Freshmen life there is much that pertains to the likeness of a romantic story. When we remember the noble beginnings and note the bright papers for the future, their possibilities seem almost immeasurable. It would startle the world to know the great transformation that will befall the class of 1913 during the next few years. This story will enlighten the hearts of the many interested friends who are waiting with anxiety the development of these adventurers.

The gentle shades of night were falling, the soft breezes were sweeping over the campus and enraptured by my pleasant surroundings, I was soon wafted into dusky dreamland. I thought myself to be carried rapidly upward, and after hours of constant whirling, was thrown into a very strange atmosphere. An old man, with a long, grey beard, that almost reached the ground, approached me and inquired who I was and whence I came. I replied: "I am hopelessly lost, pray tell me, where am I?"

"You are now on Mars, of which I am the high priest."

But how am I to return to the earth?"

"There is only one way. You must allow yourself to be entranced.

To this I readily consented. The old priest made some peculiar signs and I was again whirling through the air. Suddenly I alighted in a strange town, and while looking about me I beheld an exceedingly stout lady pushing a go-cart. She immediately recognized me, but it was sometime before I could convince myself that it was my friend, Miss Gardner. The scene again changed, and I found myself in the presence of Vera Rexroad, whose lonely spinsterhood was being spent in the mercantile business; this lot being cast upon her on account of the more successful achievements of Eunice Snipes in matrimonial adventures. Then being carried to Boston, I noticed a sign which read, "We can increase your height. Short people do not despair." Realizing the disadvantage of my own dwarfed stature, I decided to test their ability. Opening the door of the tumble-down shop, I saw Miss Henkel employing her hypnotic powers. As I turned to leave, she entreated, "Just a minute, Doc, you're next." Going further on I found the Adams' Boys advertising corn salve, and Mr. Daniel Garber and Miss Ethel Hiner, demonstrating the value of "misery balls" as a breakfast food.

Again the scene changed and I found myself in Cumberland where I met an old chum, James K. Moreland, who had left school to join a "beauty show," himself being the greatest attraction. His associates were Eva Rexroad, Fannie Hull, Daphna Stinespring and Jessie Clinedinst.

China was my next destination, where I found Long, Kiblinger, and Robert Eubank engaged in mission work. Thus the vision concluded and even the stars of heaven are mourning for fear of its fulfillment.



DR. C. W. G. ROHRER, B. Sc., M. A.

Dr. Rohrer was born, November, 20, 1873, at Elkins Mills, Washington county, Maryland. The quiet, unobtrusive life that he led on his father's farm, and his early communion with Nature and Nature's God had much to do with shaping his subsequent career. He signified his desire to become a doctor early in life and never strayed from this desire. At the age of twenty he entered S. C. I. Having received a good training from Grammar School he was enabled to finish here in 1896. He was graduated from Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, April 24, 1900, with first honors; received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, June 14, 1907, and degree of Master of Arts, June 11, 1908, and degree of Doctor of Philosophy, June 17, 1909. He is now Associate Professor of Pathology and Assistant in Genit's Urinary Diseases, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore; Medical Assistant to the State Board of Health of Maryland.

Miss Cora B. Clem, '93,
Miss Eunice Crist, '09,
Mr. B. S. Fleming, '09,
Mr. John F. Fleming, '09,
Miss Bessie M. Flick, '09.
Mr. D. L. Fries, '92-'93,
Miss Stella K. Gorrell, '08,
Miss Anna H. Green, '09,
Miss Elizabeth M. Higgins, '09,
Miss Rose H. Holland, '09,
Miss Grace B. Jones, '09,
Miss Madge S. Keiter, '09,
Mr. Homer F. Landis, '02,

Lantz Mills, Va.
Dayton, Va.
New Zion, S. C.
West Newton, Peun.
Dayton, Va.
Berryville, Va.
Hambleton, W. Va.
Pen Argyl, Pa.
Dendron, Va.
Millwood, Va.
Freeman, Va.
Dayton, Va.
Harrisonburg, Va.



PROF. W. H. RUEBUSH.

William Howe Ruebush was born at Singers Glen, Rockingham County, Virginia, June 2, 1873. He spent the first few years of his life on a farm, removing with his father to Dayton, Va., a few years later. After completing the High School course, attended S. S. I., graduating in 1893 in the English course; was a teacher in the above school for several years, after which he pursued a course of music in New York, under Dr. R. H. Palmer, in Harmony and Theory of Music, and in Voice, under Harry Wheeler, going from New York to North Carolina where he spent two years in directing bands and doing Chorus work. Mr. Ruebush also spent a year in Chicago as a student of D. A. Clippinger in Voice, and Emil Liebling in Piano. Aside from having taught in S. C. I. for a number of years, he has filled important engagements as a musician at the World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo., and at the Jamestown Exposition, also having traveled one season with an opera company as director of Band and Pianist.

ALUMNI SUBSCRIBERS TO ZYNODOA.



J. M. GOOD,
TEACHER of PIANO and PIANO TUNING

Mr. Good has been connected with S. C. I. for about eight years and is a teacher of ability and wide experience. He has been in the music profession for a number of years. He began his work as a student in S. C. I., and since then has attended such schools as Kee Mar College, Hagerstown, Md., Dana's Musical Institute, Warren, Ohio, and the Grand Conservatory of Music, New York City. He is at present occupying a position in S. C. I. as teacher of piano and piano tuning. Mr. Good is also a member of the S. C. I. Band, and Orchestra, in which he plays 1st B flat Clarinet.

Miss Nellie M. Arnold, '09,
Mr. Mc D. Baker, '07,
Mr. Jasper N. Barnett, '08,
Mrs. Lena M. Beall, '93,
Mr. James A. Bean, '08,
Mr. W. O. Beazley, A. B. M. A., '03.
Miss Esther C. Beckley, '09,
Mr. J. B. Biggerstaff, '07,
Mr. Robert C. Boling, '08,
Mr. G. W. Brewington, '07,

Elk Garden, W. Va.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Shelby, N. C.
Baltimore, Md.
Bloom, Va.
Sparta, Va.
Winsted, Conn.
Bostic, N. C.
Greenville, S. C.
Spartansburg, S. C.

CALVIN W. CANAN, M. D., B. S.

Calvin W. Canan was born April 4, 1863, at Keyser, W. Va. He received no little preparation in the free school of his State, and in June, 1889, he was graduated from S. C. I. In 1891 he was graduated from the Medical Department of Baltimore Medical College. In 1893 he joined the Virginia Medical Society. In the meanwhile, having married Miss Annie B. Fleming, he located at Orkney Springs, Va., where, since 1896, he has been resident physician for the Orkney Springs Hotel.





HARRY W. BAYER.

Mr. Bayer was born July 21, 1865, in Morgan County, W. Va. He spent his childhood days on the farm, later, having received some additional education to that received in his county schools, he taught during the winter and attended normal schools in the summer. He spent one year in Washington, D. C., working and studying, from which place he entered Shenandoah Institute and was graduated in 1890. Since then he has risen steadily, all the time studying law, until he is now city attorney of Mannington, W. Va.

W. F. Brower, '07,
Miss Elsie E. Burns, '09
Mr. Robert L. Campbell '04,
Mr. Russell A. Campbell, '06
Miss Janie A. Carter, '05,
Miss Lennie S. Carter, '09,
Miss Cora B. Clem, '83,
Miss Eunice E. Crist, '09,
Mr. B. S. Fleming, '09,
Mr. John F. Fleming, '09,

Staunton, Va.
Mountain Grove, Va.
Dayton, Va.
Elon College, N. C.
Occoquan, Va.
Occoquan, Va.
Lantz Mill, Va.
Dayton, Va.
New Zion, S. C.
West Newton, Pa.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Mr. Hildebrand was born near Greenmount, Rockingham county, Va., Jan. 18, 1866. Had his fruitful experience on the farm and struggles in the public schools in boyhood days. Between his books and a traction engine which he learned to run at an early age, he conceived the desire for a broader education, and entered Shenandoah Institute where he completed a music course in 1891 and a B. E. course in 1892. Later he attended the Capital School of Music, Columbus, Root's School of Music, Chicago, New York Vocal Institute, Metropolitan Conservatory, Virgil Klavier School, New York City. From '04 to '99 he was director of music in Shenandoah Institute; from '99 to 1904 director of music in Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va. In 1905 he opened a school of music in Roanoke, Va., where he is permanently established.





DR. EDGAR B. FUNKHOUSER, Trenton, N. J

Dr. Funkhouser was a member of the Class of 1893, having completed the Scientific Course with the degree of B. S. Shortly thereafter he specialized in Physics and Chemistry at the University of Virginia. Leaving the University at the end of one year, he entered the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia and graduated therefrom in 1899. Shortly after graduation he received an appointment, upon competitive examination, to a position in the State Hospital at Trenton, N. J. From which position he has gradually been advanced to First Assistant to the Head Medical Director.

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Mrs. Karl L. Miley, '08,
Mr. Charles O. Milford, '08,
Mr. E. R. Molesworth, '07,
Miss Ruby Myers, '08,
Mr. Elmer Newcomer, '09,
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Mr. James W. Parker, '08,
Mr. Thomas O. Pender, '08,
Mr. William J. Perry, '09,
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Mr. N. B. S. Thomas, '09,
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Mr. Mc. D. Weams, '07,
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Mr. Perry J. Wriston, '07,
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Harrisonburg, Va.
Toms Brook, Va.
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Dothan, W. Va.
New Market, Va.

MEMORIES OF S. C. I.

When at the close of a summer day,
You sit and while the hours away,
Thoughts come thronging of days gone by,
Those good old days at S. C. I.

In fancy you can see it all—
The campus, recitation room and hall.
And every spot we loved so well,
In our minds shall always dwell.

The teachers next, to them we give
Our dearest love, and hope to live
As they taught us, true and right,
And thereby conquer every strife.

The lessons that they would assign
We shall always bear in mind,
How very hard we tried to learn.
O! If those days could but return.

Then to chapel we would go,
And there the faculty in a row,
Delivered lectures to us galore.
I sometimes wish that there were more.

But best of all our classmates dear,
With whom we studied year by year,
And other people that we knew—
That were so dear to me and you.

But how changed it all must be
If we should e'er return to see!
But, regardless of time gone by,
We shall love forever S. C. I.

M. V. R.

MUSIC



THE POWER OF SONG.

Song is the language known and understood by all. It perpetuates the deeds of the world's great heroes. It illuminates with glowing colors the pages of history. It chisels on the imperishable tablets of immortality the names of those who have touched the harp strings of universal nature and have caused them to vibrate sending forth a concourse of sweet sounds to calm and gladden the tired heart of a burdened humanity. He who has wedded most perfectly poetry and music has reached the acme of art, and he who correctly interpretates the symbol of gladness—song—can touch the heart as no other.



fm

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

“Oh, how wonderful thou art
With thy strings of gold.
Thou dost thrill my heart
And waft my soul unto the realms of eternal joy.”

Of all musical instruments, none equals the piano, with its wonderful possibilities and volume of tone; even the souls of the most savage are stirred.

It has been studied for centuries and made speak to, and stir the deepest depths of the human soul, such as words can never utter, and yet no one lives or ever has lived that claims to have mastered the piano in its truest sense.

The Piano Department of Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, with its one hundred and fifty to two hundred students and six regular teachers, is one of the leading departments and deserves much credit for the work done. Twenty-five to thirty pianos are in constant use.

Some of the studies used are; Matthew's Courses, Czerney, Cramer, Bach, Turner's Octave Studies, Etc.

Some rules for practice as carried out are :

1. Don't use all your practice periods.
2. Change your practice every day or two. Prof. Good will gladly do it for you.
3. Girls and boys meet in the piano rooms.
4. Ladies, carry your music with you and pretend to have a practice period when you want to go down street.



Am.

(3 - 3)



PIPE ORGAN DEPARTMENT.

The school not having the use of an organ until last year, when the M. P. Moller instrument was placed in the United Brethren church, this department is still young, but is of lusty growth, the pupils lending valuable assistance to the service of the church, and in return, gaining practical experience in the work required of an organist.

Several recitals have been given, one of the commencement programs being given at the church.

The instructors in this department are: Lottie Rosabel Crittenden, graduate of the New England Conservatory, and Esther Charlotte Beckley, Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, 1909.

A list of this year's pupils follows :

ESTHER CHARLOTTE BECKLEY,
STELLA HUFFMAN HAMMACK,
LESLIE WELLER RHODES,
FRANCES EDWINA MILLARD,
JENNY LIND RUEBUSH,
NORMA BEATRICE BRAMLEY,
LUCY ELIZABETH DAVIS,
MINNIE LEE PRICE,
ANNIE MAUDE HAYNIE,
VIDA HUFFER,
ROY RHODES.



PIPE ORGAN.

ORCHESTRA ROLL.

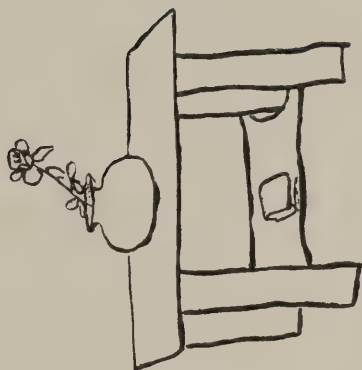
MR. J. M. GOOD, 1st Clarionet.
MR. G. F. HOLLER, Oboe.
MR. J. A. HARMAN, 1st Violin.
MISS LENA RALSTON, 1st Violin.
MR. CHAS. REDMAN, 1st Violin.
MISS RUTH REDMAN, 1st Violin.
MR. J. H. RUEBUSH, 1st Violin.
MRS. W. H. RUEBUSH, 2d Violin.
MISS CLARA HOTT, 2d Violin.
MR. M. L. MCADAMS, 2d Violin.
MR. WALTER HAMMER, 2d Violin.
MR. GLEN MCADAMS, Cello.
MR. LUTHER HEATWOLE, Cello.
MR. HOLLIS KEITER, Trombone.
MR. VICTOR HEATWOLE, 1st Cornet.
MISS FRANK HALTOM, 1st Cornet.
MR. BARRETT WILSON, 2d Cornet.
MR. SOLON FUNKHOUSER, 2d Cornet.
MR. ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1st Horn.
MR. HARRY FISHER, Bass.
MR. ROBERT DIXON, Drums.
MR. W. H. RUEBUSH, Director.



ORCHESTRA.

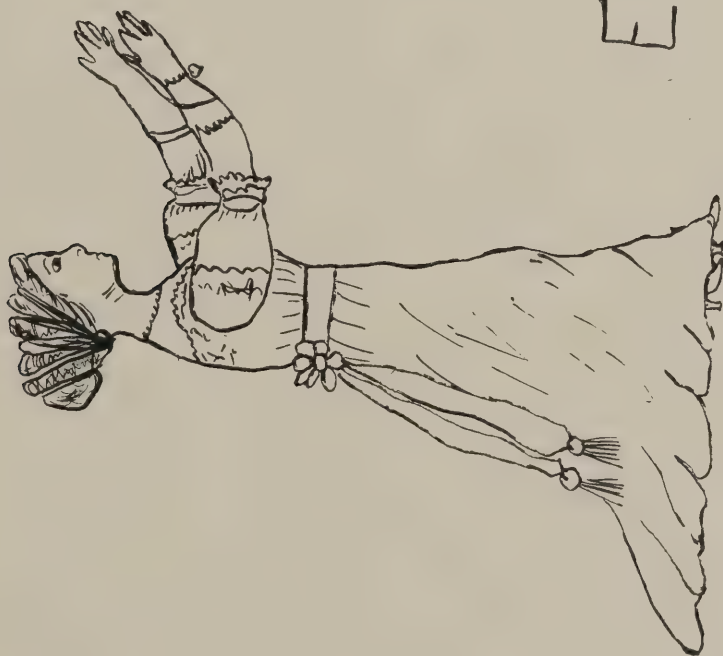
BAND ROLL.

MR. HOLLER, E Clarionet.
MR. J. M. GOOD, Solo Bb Clarionet.
MR. ROBERT DETAMORE, 2nd Bb Clarionet.
MISS STELLA HAMMACK, 2d Clarionet.
MR. LUTHER HEATWOLE, 2nd Bb Clarionet.
MR. VICTOR HEATWOLE, Solo Bb Cornet.
MR. C. E. REDMAN, Solo Bb Cornet.
MR. BARRETT WILSON, Solo Bb Cornet.
MR. RUSSELL RHODES, 1st Bb Cornet.
MR. SOLON FUNKHOUSER, 1st Bb Cornet.
MISS FRANK HALTOM, 1st Bb Cornet.
MR. JESSE SMITH, 2nd Bb Cornet.
MR. J. B. PARKER, 2nd Bb Cornet.
MR. S. B. THOMPSON, 1st Alto.
MISS IRENE COFFMAN, 1st Alto.
MR. WILLIAM RICHARD, 2nd Alto.
MR. KIRK HEATWOLE, 3rd Alto.
MR. MERRIT CAMPBELL, Alto Saxophone.
MR. ROBERT CAMPBELL, Tenor Saxophone.
MR. HOLLIS KEITER, 1st Trombone.
MR. HARRY FISHER, Trombone.
MISS CLARA HOTT, 1st Trombone.
MR. WALTER FEW, 2nd Trombone.
MR. C. O. MILFORD, 3rd Trombone.
MR. ROBERT DIXON, Baritone.
MR. S. K. KIEFFER, Bass.
MR. CAMERON RHODES, Bass.
MR. SANDY SAUFLEY, Bass Drum.
MR. RUSSELL DETAMORE, Snare Drum.
PROF. W. H. RUEBUSH, Director.



Am.

ELOCUTION



ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT.

This department for the last three years has been in the charge of Miss Ola Warren Chase, P. G., of the Greely School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, Boston, Mass.

Miss Chase has greatly increased the popularity of this department and it now stands as one of the strongest and most important of the school.

As a teacher Miss Chase is firm, yet kind; impartial and conscientious; making a close study of each individual personality in order to develop the talents of each student.

“All power is the outcome of individuality, either past or present.”

“Incentives come from the soul’s self; the rest avail not.”

“The soul that stops to contemplate its wings will never rise.”

COURSE OF STUDY.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

FREEDOM—Control, Alertness, Co-ordination, Harmony of Body.

POISE AND CARRIAGE OF BODY.

STAGE DEPARTMENT—Dramatic Action, Pantomime, Scenes, Plays.

VOICE TRAINING.

BREATHING—Tone Placing, Articulation, Flexibility, Resonance.

VOCAL EXPRESSION—Rendering.

EMPHASIS—Color Emotional Values.

IMPROMPTU SPEAKING

IMPERSONATION

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

SELECTIONS FROM STANDARD LITERATURE

ADAPTATIONS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

STUDIES FROM DICKENS

CRITICISM

RECITATIONS

DRAMATIC ANALYSIS AND REPRESENTATION FROM SCENES



ELOCUTION CLASS.

ART STUDENTS.

Wilda Fout,
Frances Millard,
Nadyne Hailes,
Irma Burtner,
Lenora Bateman,
Viola Widmyer,
Jenny Lind Ruebush,
Mrs. C. A. Funkhouser,
B. M. Pittard,
Ola Chase,
Ruth Hinkle,

Lana Chaney,
Norma Bramley,
Beulah Baer,
Mattie Fretwell,
Ruth Abbott,
Annie Maude Haynie,
Jessie Coffman,
Mrs. J. H. Ruebush,
James Ruebush, Jr.,
Emma Gardner,
Miss Zetta Smith,
J. L. Strickland.





ART CLASS.

REMINISCENCES OF A GRADUATE.

I remember, I remember
How I used to sit and scold
When on getting down to breakfast
I would find the coffee cold;
How I used to turn my nose up
If the steak was done too rare;
But, oh ! for my old school days
And the dear old bill of fare.

I remember, I remember
How I used to sit and scoff
When I fancied that the butter
Must be "just a little off,"
How I scorned the lowly biscuits
That the cookmaids used to make !
And the things I said concerning
Their attempts to bake.

Oh it may be childish weakness
That now possesses me, but I
Would give a whole month's wages
For one meal at S. C. I.
And I think I'd be willing
To walk full twenty miles today
Just for one of those dear biscuits
That I used to throw away.



Organizations



SM.

AUSTEN LITERARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Row, Not Drift.*

OBJECT: *To Pave the Way for Broader Fields.*

COLORS: *Garnet and Gray.*

FLOWER: *Red Carnation.*

YELL: Hella-go-lunk, go lunk, go lee,
Austens! Austens! don't you see.
Though we live, or though we die,
This will always be our cry,
Austens! Austens!

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Burlina Bowman	Cleta Arey
Margaret Funkhouser	Esther Beckley
Mareta Gano	Eva Talley
Maude Demette	S. E. Brownlee
Sallie Morgan	Margaret Morgan
Naomi Horton	Goldie Love
Jessie Coffman	Aura Coffman
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Vida Huffer	Minnie Joyce
Ione Long	Anna Gano
Ruth Albert	Mabel Hammack



AUSTEN LITERARY SOCIETY

ZENOBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *No Labor, No Crown.*

FLOWER: *Pansy*

COLORS: *Orange and Black.*

YELL: Hippity Hop! Hippity Ho!
Orange and Black are all the go!
Hippity Hop! Hippity Hi!
Zenobian Girls of S. C. I.

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ZENOBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Sapere Aude.*

FLOWER: *Carnation.*

COLORS: *Red and White.*

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PLATONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Know Thyself.*

COLORS: *Royal Blue and White*

FLOWER: *Violet.*

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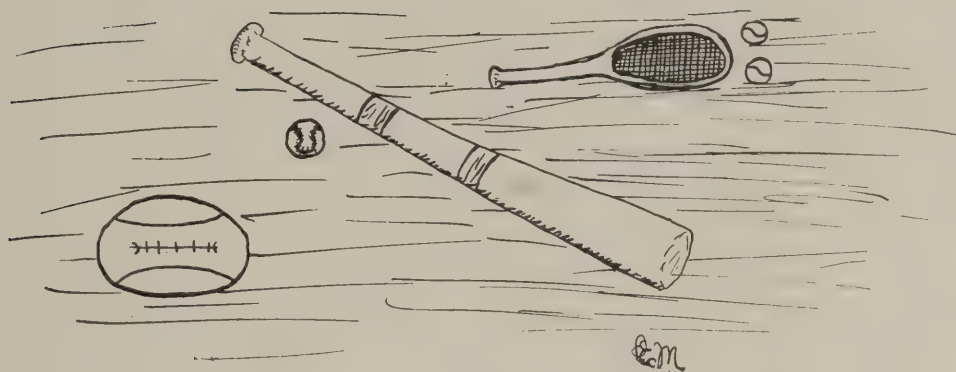
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S. W. Danner	C. O. Milford	L. M. Steed
E. S. Deane	Furman Mitchell	J. L. Strickland
Guy Dixon	J. K. Moreland	Walter Thomas
Palmer Eubank	M. L. McAdams	Elmer Vance
R. S. Eubank	J. G. McAdams	McD. Weams
J. O. Ewing	W. B. Obaugh	G. C. Williams
D. Weldon Ewing	J. W. Parker	Barrett Wilson
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BASKETBALL TEAM.

Manager, E. N. FUNKHOUSER, '10.

Coach, B. V. POLAND, '10.

Captain, D. V. GARBER, '12.

R. O. Dixon, Forward.

D. V. Garber, Forward.

B. V. Poland, Center.

G. W. Harlow, Guard.

Hugh Harrison, Sub.

J. L. Walker, Guard.



TRACK TEAM.

J. HORACE HOTT, Manager.

B. V. POLAND, Captain and Coach

ROLL.

B. V. Poland	Quintin Andes	D. V. Garber	Robert Dickson
Geo. W. Harlow	I. N. Long	Amos Deale	
T. C. Deale	Lake Koontz	Hugh Harrison	J. Horace Hott
Chesney Funkhouser.			



RED TIGER BASKETBALL TEAM.

CLARA HOTT, Captain; E. N. FUNKHOUSER, Referee.

Centers.

Flossie Curtis
Viola Widmyer
Lottie Rinker

Forwards.

Frances Millard
Clara Hott

Guards.

Mareta Gano
Hazel Hamrick

Subs.

Jenny Lind Ruebush, Laura Fries.



BLUE WILDCAT BASKETBALL TEAM.

LANA CHANEY, Captain.

Centers: Mattie Fretwell, Lena Dixon, Mary Ruebush. Forwards: Lola Swisher, Norma Bramley.
Guards: Ione Long, Lana Chaney. Subs: Nadyne Hailes, Beulah Baer, S. E. Brownlee.

BASEBALL TEAM.

E. N. FUNKHOUSER, '10, Mgr.

L. R. Cates, C.

Hulin Murphy, P.

C. E. Redman, 1 B.

D. V. Garber, 2 B.

Lake Koontz, 3 B.

R. C. Hammond, S. S.

T. C. Deale, L. F.

C. E. REDMAN, Coach and Capt.

E. N. Funkhouser, C. F.

H. H. Keiter, R. F.

R. O. Dickson, Sub.

G. W. Harlow, Sub.

Amos Deale, Sub.

James K. Moreland, Sub.

Edgar Adams, Mascot.



BASEBALL TEAM.



TENNIS CLUB.

OFFICERS.

President, CARL O. SMITH.

Vice-President, HAROLD W. GAMMANS.

Secretary and Treasurer, CLYDE KOONTZ.

MEMBERS.

Harold W. Gammans	John L. Strickland
Solon I. Funkhouser	J. Horace Hott
Clyde Koontz	Thomas O. Pender
Charles O. Milford	Carl O. Smith
	Russell Rhodes
	Ben M. Pittard

Literary Department.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"The Lily of the Valley, white and True
As it opens its eyes and looks at you,
Breathes into your soul a peace serene
And points you upward to heaven's sheen.

It's little body, so fair and pure,
As it smilingly stands and seems so sure,
Puts you to shame with your doubts and fears,
Of the Father's love and compassionate tears.

It's gentle trust, so sweet and sublime,
As it opens its eyes in the summer time,
Should lull your fears of the year's broad swell
And teach you to know he does all things well.

So this little lily, with eyes so true,
As it brightly turns and looks at you,
Has perfect trust that all are good,
Let us do our best for Him as we should.



ENTHUSIASM AND SELF-RELIANCE.

Emerson said "Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm," and it is true in every respect.

Since the dawn of history, enthusiasm has been one of the greatest assets known for the accomplishment of all great purposes. We may possess almost an inexhaustible supply of information, we may have a consummate amount of skill, we may be blessed with abundant riches, and endowed with all the virtues and sensibilities necessary to the accomplishment of a purpose, yet without putting forth the necessary amount of enthusiasm we can never do to the fullest what we would like to do or what we are capable of doing.

Self-reliance, coupled with enthusiasm for the work to be performed, assures the result. This has been demonstrated in many examples, from ancient, as well as as modern history. It was these two essentials that aided John Knox in accomplishing so much good. Had he been ever so pious and learned he could never have preached the doctrine he did, or could never have done so much to bring about the Scottish Reformation, had he not been afire with enthusiasm and possessed with the self-reliance which continually urged him on to his intended goal.

Alexander the great, known as "the conqueror of the world" could not have obtained this title had he not put enthusiasm into his efforts. Neither could he have won the battle of Arbela, one of the decisive combats of history, had he not had confidence in himself that "he could do what he willed to do."

The mighty Caesar and the great Napoleon could never have performed their daring acts of valor, and turned defeat into victory on numerous occasions, had they not been enthusiastic in their cause and determined to accomplish it.

Peary and Cook could never have surmounted the obstacles and dangers of the frozen north if they had not had confidence in themselves and enthusiasm in their project.

In whatever we undertake if we wish to meet with success, these two things are certainly necessary: If we wish to keep pace with others who are probably less fitted for their work than we are, we must be sure that we are self-reliant and enthusiastic in whatever we undertake.

HAZEL C. HAMRICK.

SERVICE KEEPS BRIGHT.

A bright, shining dollar slipped from my pocket, and rolled to the floor. As I stooped to pick it up, a ray of sunlight fell upon it, bringing forth its brightness and it seemed to tell me this story.

‘I was not always bright and shining like this. Once I was the possession of a miserly old man who hid me away in a drawer with many other coins, and by and by, after lying there so long unused, I became tarnished and black. I longed to be out of that place, to be in the world doing good like other coins, and after a long time my wish came true. One day when the drawer was pulled from its place, I slipped out at the back and fell to the floor. How glad I was to get out of that drawer! What if I should be discovered and put away? But my owner did not see me and the very next day a small child playing on the floor found me and slipped me into her pocket, thinking, no doubt, that I would make her a very nice plaything. On her way home she met a poor, lame man begging for bread. Her sweet little heart went out in sympathy for him and reaching her hand into her pocket she brought me forth, lisping in her pretty way, ‘I haven’t anything but this, poor man, but you can have it; maybe you have a little girl that would like to play with it.’ He took me, thanked her, and went on his way. But he recognised my value, and after he had taken a cloth and rubbed me until I was almost as bright as new, I was passed to a baker to buy bread for his hungry children. I have changed hands so often since, I could not count the times. But I find that I still shine as brightly as when the lame man had me, and it was only when I was lying useless that I grew tarnished.’

I slipped the dollar back in my pocket and thought how true was the lesson it taught me. If that dollar had changed hands ten times in one day, till evening came it was worth just ten dollars. If it lay idly in some one’s pocket it was worth only its intrinsic value, just one dollar.

And so it is with life. If we have trained ourselves for any particular vocation, and we let those developed faculties lie unused, they soon become unfit for service, being useless to ourselves and doing no good to those about us.

But if we will only realize that it is service that keeps bright, that it is only by using our powers that we not only strengthen ourselves but do a vast amount of good to others, we should put to work every force within us to strengthen and lighten those lives about us and bring more happiness to our own hearts.

From mere selfishness some people refuse to pass on what good they have gained to others, and therefore it ceases to be of any value to them.

A girl has gone to college; she has become accomplished in music, in elocution, in painting; there are dozens of young people about her who have not had these advantages, who have not the money to train themselves.

Because there is no necessity of her teaching, she stays at home and tries to enjoy herself with her accomplishments, failing to see that she might give free to others what she has gained, losing nothing herself, but acquiring more power by it.

If we could imagine ourselves a coin and try to see how often we might change hands during a day by giving out the value of our minds, how much we would have gained by evening.

After all, the only true happiness we get in this life is that which comes from helping others.

EDITH VIRGINIA SUTER.



PERHAPS IN HEAVEN



Ruth Redman will smile.
Bly will be more affectionate.
Miss Nedro will not paint.
"Jay Bird" will sing.
Frances Millard will teach voice.
Elmer Funkhouser will not be engaged.
Norma Bramley will not flirt with Bob Dixon.
Solon will stop swearing (if he gets there,
otherwise he won't).
Kissling and Long will not dance for strange
boys.
"Toppie" will not hunt trouble.
Miss Shumaker will own a fine "Steed."
The Juniors will have caps and gowns.
Mr. Steed will smoke in public (if it is allowed).
Miss Wilkins will not get any blue letters.
Charlie Redman will not forfeit any games.
There will be some little boughs for Miss
Pinson.
Tally will cease scoring.
Lake Koontz will stop lying—if ?
Chesney will make first team.
Gruver will wake up.



“UNCLE JOHNNIE.”



I wonder what these lazy people
Would do without me here.
I'm kept so busy all the time
I almost wish they'd skip a year.
Please “Uncle Johnnie,” won't you bring
That box up from down town?”
Or, “Uncle Johnnie, don't you know
The bell-rope has come down?”

“Uncle Johnnie, where's my oil-can,
I left here yester' morn' ?
Such a set of thieves I never saw
Since the day that I was born.”
“Uncle Johnny, my room's too hot,”
“Uncle Johnnie, my room's too cold,”
And thus about my fire-building,
I daily hear the students scold.
But, I guess, when all is over,
That I will miss them, too.
Really, now I'm getting sorry
That we soon must say “Adieu.”

THE STORM.

It was on a clear, starry Saturday night, the moon had not yet risen from her resting place behind the fair Virginian hills. The bell, with its merry notes, had summoned the students of old S. C. I. to a sweet repose, which they all greatly needed. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, yet a few dark ones were gathering beyond the horizon, which appeared shortly and began to assume alarming proportions.

The "Ladies Heaven" was wrapped in that peaceful calm, which usually precedes a terrible storm. Little did the "Queenly," "Sleeping Beauties" dream that they lay in the direct path of the rapidly advancing hurricane. The wind carried before it, like clouds of dust, many little wind spirits. Each was masked and heavily armed with such instruments as alarm clocks, dinner bells, old pails, pans, horns, clubs, cans, and leaden pipes, which, when set in motion, would generate enough noise to disturb the slumber of the "Newcomer" in that portion of "Universe." Each little wind spirit held his arms in readiness, and when the chief gave the appointed signal, they began to dance joyfully across the campus, each vying with his neighbor in his efforts to make a noise.

One little wind spirit, as he was dancing on the campus, saw his "Queen" watching the merry scene, from where she sat enthroned in another "Heaven."

The storm was rapidly spending its fury, when an adverse wind arose from the "Ladies Heaven," and changed it to a mighty whirlwind. In its progress it passed over the "most attractive (?) " dumping ground and like a mighty giant gathered into its arms a host of empty cans, the contents of which had been consumed by the ever well-fed inhabitants (?)

These after being carried silently past "Lover's Retreat" were not gently given a resting place on the front lawn of "The High Corner." Another adverse wind appeared and the whirlwind was completely shattered. Each little wind spirit hurried stealthily to his own abode, but woe upon the belated ones, for the wind from "The Ladies Heaven" had caught in its fearful clutches Seven, Sloppy, and Retainer. Soon other winds appeared. Chief among which was the one from "The High Corner." They tore madly around the Shipman Hotel, but shortly after midnight they abated, the stars came out, and things were as peaceful as though nothing had ever happened.



THE SOPHOMORES' MEDITATION.

Ah tut! It's no use. Here we have been for nearly two years, and what do we know now. Caesar was a horrid old writer, Prof. Gammans assigns us too much work, we can never play the old exercises on the piano, its just work, work, work all the while, and no sympathy from anyone. What a miserable life we are living, and yet in the garden spot of the country. Outnumbered by the Freshmen, scorned by the Juniors, scarcely recognized by the Seniors, chastised and criticised by the Faculty, we are a pitiable lot. Why, oh why, did we ever come here? Hark! Listen! Disgusted, did I hear some whisper? Give up did I hear some one say? Nay, come to your senses comrades. The greatest students ever graduated from a college were one time Sophomores. Think of it—next year we'll be Juniors. How rapidly the time is fleeting and we will soon be Seniors, the pride of S. C. I. What a grand, great old place this is! How proud we are of Orange and Purple. Come on, class-mates, let us go down and cheer the Freshmen on to victory over the Juniors on the ball diamond.

TEN YEARS HENCE.

DEAR FRANCES:—

Can you realize that ten years have gone by since we were roommates in one of those little two by four rooms at S. C. I. ? I know you will be surprised when I tell you I have just returned from the same dear old school, after having spent a glorious week there at Commencement.

How like the old days and yet how changed! And what do you think? I had written Prof. Ruebush I was coming, and when I reached Harrisonburg I found him waiting in his touring car, accompanied by Miss Chase. These two were the only familiar faces I saw in that large faculty, which now numbered twenty-five.

The first thing I did after I arrived in Dayton was to wonder if it were possible that I was back to S. C. I, owing to the many new faces and the new buildings which had been erected.

Prof. Ruebush, himself, took me through the new buildings, which I feel sure are not surpassed by any college buildings in the state.

The first building I went through was the handsome four-story structure, which was erected the same year we graduated. On the first floor was the Gymnasium, fitted up with all the necessary equipments for such an apartment which adds much to the physical development as well as the pleasure of the student. The second floor contained the recitation rooms together with a well-equipped Laboratory, very different indeed compared with the ones we are accustomed to. The third floor contained the gentlemen's Society halls, each seating two hundred and fifty, arranged so that they could be thrown together, making a seating capacity of five hundred. The fourth floor was very interesting, though not the most attractive to me. Can you guess why? Because here is where some of the boys roomed and being near the close of school—well I should say—the rooms were in a rather dilapidated condition. Ha! ha!

The next building was a magnificent three-storied ladies' dormitory with a gymnasium in the basement. This building is north of the Lower Ladies' Dormitory, which is now occupied by boys.

The next building was the Infirmary, equipped like any up-to-date hospital, just south of the former auditorium, which has now been converted into a music conservatory.

Just south of this was a two-storied building, on the first floor of which was the Y. M. C. A. hall, and on the second the Y. W. C. A. hall.

From this we went to the last building. This was situated just south of the old dining-room, which has now been enlarged.

The first floor contains the auditorium with a seating capacity of twelve hundred. The next floor contains the library of 20,000 volumes. Would it not have been instructive if we could have had the advantages of such a library?

The east floor contains the Ladies' Society halls, which are arranged in much the same manner as the gentlemen's halls. So you see what a wonderful change has taken place.

But now I must tell you of the Commencement exercises; they really seemed more like old times than anything else; Saturday is now called the Class Day; the fore-noon is devoted to the productions of the literary graduates; the afternoon, to the musical graduates.

The program for the following week was comparatively the same with the exception of Thursday morning. It has been the custom since we left to secure an orator of some renown to address the Class at that time. Who do you suppose I had the pleasure of hearing? I know you can never guess. It makes me proud to say that it was an old class-mates of ours John D. Good, who is now a member of the Senate from the state of Virginia. This, of course, you know, and no doubt you have been reading how it has been through his great efforts for temperance and reform in general that our country is rapidly putting down the whiskey curse and obtaining the rights and privileges for the common people.

And now, dear Frances, promise me that you will meet me at the Commencement exercises next year, that we may enjoy its pleasures together, and that you may see for yourself the many changes.

I know you are progressing nicely in your Art teaching. I like teaching better every day. I think we get so much inspiration in watching our pupils at their work.

Write and tell me you will meet me next year at S. C. I.

As ever,

HAZEL.

LETTER TO FATHER.

Dayton, Va., Sept. 26, 1909.

MY DEAR FATHER :

We arrived Tuesday, about 3:30 p. m. in the flourishing town of Harrisonburg and were brought on out to the lovely, and famous village of Dayton. First, after driving up to the Ladies' dormitory, we were met and welcomed by our kind and friendly president. He introduced us to the matron, and assistant matron. They led us through the spacious halls of the dormitory to our room; where they left us, and in a few minutes, to our delight, the supper bell rang.

After supper the assistant matron accompanied a number of the girls out to "Silver Lake," (the pride of the Shenandoah Valley), and you may know we were delighted to go. The walk out there was short and very pleasant. Silver Lake, which is nothing more nor less than an enormous spring, is one of the most beautiful sights anyone could wish to see. Some of the young people were out in the little canoes, and were apparently as happy as the birds flying over their heads.

But we did not tarry long out there, as the "girls' band" was going to give an informal concert in the band stand, on the east campus. We got back to the Institute just as the crowd was gathering on the campus, and the girls with their white suits and caps were standing with their instruments ready to begin their first selection. They rendered several beautiful pieces, and then we went into the auditorium, to the opening recital given by our distinguished faculty. We enjoyed the evening very much, and although tired and weary, from our journey from "away down South," we did not retire until rather late.

The next morning we were busy matriculating and getting our schedules arranged. But in the afternoon we went down street. By this time we were beginning to get acquainted with the students and faculty and consequently were better pleased with my surroundings.

About sunset our elocution teacher accompanied us to the well-known "Sunset Hill." From there we beheld another stretch of perfectly lovely scenery; and the sun just slowly sinking below the horizon, cast a charming light on the landscape. There we recognized at least a small portion of the beauties of nature.

On our way back to the dormitory, walking up High street, we could get a clear and lovely view of the "Howe Memorial" building, as it stands erect and stately on the beautiful campus. There are many other things of interest which I might mention, but as I could not hope to ever give a vivid description of them, I shall not attempt it. Just here I will conclude by simply saying, "Come and see for yourself."

J. W. G.

FRESHMEN'S COMPLAINTS.

- Livermore—(sleepily)—Has the last bell rung?
Walker—"Don't throw so hard, Hammond, Spring Creek is easy."
Mitchell—"I expect to get Rich (ie) easy, some day."
Wilson—"I am destined to be Rich (ie)."
Shirley—"No more coal oil for me."
Smith—"The fish won't bite."
Kauffman—"It is wicked to lie or spit."
Little Deal—"Miss Morgan has gone."
Ewing—"Oh! for a Hammock in the summer."
Harrison—"Oh! for some one to love
Blevins—"I need a gun to go hunting."
Moreland—"Pearls are scarce and hard to get."
Snipes—"Oh! if the boys of S. C. I. would only go snipe hunting."
Reid—"Only a reed, shaken by the wind."
Gardner—"I don't raise vegetables."
Hull—"A hull, and nothing in it."
Big Deale—"If I only had syrup on my glove."
Long—"I am destined to be long."
Edgar Adams—"I wish I was a Senior like Elmer."
Hiner—"O, if Walker would only love me!"
Garber—"Blast the luck! These Juniors are tough."

PHUNNY KOLM.



The "Ship of the Desert," a bold creature is he.
He carries Miss Viva into wedlock, you see.
They will cross the wide desert to view the big Nile,
He'll bring her back home again after awhile.

Hark ! Hark ! the dogs do bark,
And Pittard's out for a "Chase."
There will be some game coming in
Before the day of life grows dim.



Strick had a little Parke,
As sweet as she could be,
And every time that Parke went out,
Why, Strick, there followed he.

Hollis and Frank went to the fields
To pick some four-leaf clover.
They saw the cows were coming near—
And all their fun was over.



JOKES.

Miss Kirtley—What is Latin good for anyway?

Miss Abbott—Why! I expect to go abroad some day.

Prof. Gammans (in Latin class)—Give the the principal parts of 'proficiscor.'

Mr. Milford—Prof-I-kissed-her—that's as far as I can go.

Miss Fretwell—Correct this sentence: "Our teacher am in sight."

Edgar—"Our teacher am a sight."

Miss Love—Have you read Scott's novels?

Miss Bramley —All but his "Emulsion." I have seen it advertised, but never have been able to get it.

Miss Wilkins and Mr. Poland were talking of their future, and Mr. Poland in all honesty was telling her that it would be all he could do to keep the wolf away from the door.

Ella—Never mind, dear I can keep it away by my singing.

Poland (despondingly)—Yes, but what if he should chance to be deaf?

Prof. Gammans (to waitress)—A lobster, in a hurry.

Waitress—Yes-sir, I'll attend to you right away.

Mr. Bannister and Miss Fout, after quarreling for an hour and a half: "My dear Wilda, I wish you would keep your temper."

"Well, my dearest Lamar, I wish you would give yours away."

Miss Fries, when sitting too near the fire one evening, happened to catch fire to her ruffles. Russell, intending to be witty said, "I did not think you so apt to take fire." "Nor am I," she replied, "from such a spark as you."

Prof. Gammans (to Mr. Smith)—Punctuate: "Janie a pretty girl went down the street."

Mr. Smith—I would put a dash after "Janie."

Prof. Brandt (in Botany class)—What is the best animal you could put in a brier patch to keep the weeds out?

Mr. Bannister—Rats!

"Suppose," said Prof. Barglebaugh, "that you were summoned to the side of a patient who had accidentally swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

McAdams, taking Chemistry because it was obligatory in the course, replied, "I would administer the Sacrament."

Prof. Funkhouser (in Moral Science), "Do cows have a sense of right and wrong?"

Mr. Smith—"Anyway they seem to think a Retainer is all right.

Frank Haltom wishes to be known as Mrs. Keiter's "little girl."

Miss Parke and Prof. Clarkson were out strolling one evening.

Prof. C.—"May I call you Emma?"

Miss Parke.—Certainly, but what must I call you?"

Prof. C.—"Oh, just call me Charles."

Mr. Poland, giving the principal parts of the German verb Melken, "Melken, Milk, go-Milk.



FRESHMAN CHALLENGE.

march. 8. 1910

dear Sir.

we the Freshmen of 1913 Challenge the juniors of 1911 for As many
bass ball Games as you Wish to play and wood like fur you too Act upon
this that we may play thurs. afternoon,

signed By

yours truly

freshman class
of 1913

J. K. Moreland, pres.

V. R. Rexroad, sec.

THE DEVIL AND THE JUNIORS.

The devil came up to earth one day,
And straight to the Junior class wended his way,
With no other aim than to gain his desire
Why, no Juniors in hell, he came to inquire.

They argued, contended and quarreled so long
T'was hard to distinguish the right from the wrong.
Then concluding he'd heard quite enough of the fuss,
The devil retired and soliloquized thus :

"Now if half they've said of each other be true,
The devil 'tis plain has been robbed of his due.
But, I'm satisfied now 'tis all very well,
For the Juniors would ruin the morals of hell."

"They've puzzled the earth with their villainous cavil,
And I'm free to confess they'd puzzle the devil;
My agents were right to let Juniors alone,
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne."

CALENDAR, 1909-'10.

September.

- 21.—School opened. Teachers' exhibition at 8 P. M.
25.—Y. W. C. A. reception. Commonwealth Attorney, Geo. N. Conrad delivered the first lecture of the season.

October.

- 1.—Senior Class organized.
2.—Austen reception, afterwards a promiscuous conversation in the Auditorium.
8.—Mr. John Fleming spends a few days at S. C. I., enroute to North Carolina.

"Seven" sat in his room till midnight,
Yes, till the clock was striking two,
For he loved a pretty little girl,
And tried to write a billet-doux.



- 9.—Basket Ball game, Ciceronians vs. Platonians.
11.—First Lyceum Entertainment.
15.—Zenobians entertained new members in the parlor
16.—Pipe Organ recital by Miss Crittenden.
18.—Governor Swanson addressed the students.
20.—Visit of Miss Burner, traveling secretary of the Y. W. C. A.
22.—Announced in Chapel that the Trustees would inspect the Ladies' Dormitory. Girls made a rush to slam things under the beds.
23.—Mabel McKinley Co. in Harrisonburg. Large number of S. C. I. students attended. Those remaining, entertained by Prof. Gammans.

25.—Class meeting.

30.—Basket Ball game, "Indians" vs. "Pale Faces."

November.

5.—Basket Ball game, Blue Wild Cats vs. Red Tigers.

10.—Y. M. C. A. book-cases purchased.

13.—Basket Ball game, "Pale Faces" vs. Indians."

18.—Concert by Conradi Co., of Baltimore.

20.—A treat to girls and basket-ball team at the expense of Prof. J. H. at "Hotel Zinzendorf."

25.—Thanksgiving services at the church. Big dinner. Baseball game vs Clover Hill and S. C. I. Score, 21 to 8 in our favor. Faculty entertainment.

27.—Joint Session of boys' Societies. Visit of State Students' Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Mr. Lee.

29.—Prof. W. H. Ruebush returns from Georgia.

December.

2.—Lots of fun among the Seniors on first floor, but Nurse turns a deaf ear.

3.—Philomathean Literary Society, followed by a Social in Auditorium.

4.—Basket Ball game, Bridgewater vs. S. C. I.,—score, 38 to 17 in favor of S. C. I. Miss Wilkins entertains her first fellow in the parlor.

5.—Prof. Gammans sings a solo at Evening Services.

6.—Those important "Tar Heels" tested the camera.

8.—Basket Ball game, Harrisonburg vs. S. C. I.,—score, 28 to 14 in our favor.

9.—Lamp Globe Day.

10.—"Travel Day." Miss Huffman and Myers were among the number who attended the Recital, given by Miss Chase, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

11.—Basket Ball game, Timberville vs. S. C. I.,—score 15 to 14 in our favor. Joint Session of Girls Societies. Great excitement in halls,—girls' rooms have been raided. Nurse deems it best to keep busily engaged in her own room, for the Reception Committee in the halls are too much for her. Mr. Elmer Funkhouser is talking plain English. His girl is here.

12.—Nurse in Faculty Meeting.

- 16.—Class Meeting, Prof. J. H. Ruebush present. French Play, care of Prof. Gammans, in Musical.
- 18.—Miss Griffin leaves for South Carolina. Strange to say, Mr. Smith decides to go home on the same train, but missed train in Harrisonburg. Masquerade Party in Ladies' Dormitory.
- 19.—Vesper Service at U. B. Church, given by Voice and Organ pupils.
- 20.—Students leaving for Xmas Vacation.
- 21.—The Oratorio, "Josiah," was rendered by the Vocal Class.
- 22.—School closed for Christmas holidays.

January.

- 4.—Winter term begins. The majority of the students returned. New ones enrolled.
- 5.—Visit by Rev. Secrist, of Cumberland, Md.
- 6.—Mr. Hoover sang a solo in chapel.
- 8.—Class-meeting, 12:30 p. m. Editorial Staff, 4 p. m. The Orpheum Quartet Concert at 8 p. m.
- 10.—Junior class organized. They say: "Lookout, Seniors." Mr. Bannister gives a talk in chapel on the Y. M. C. A. Convention in Rochester, N. Y.
- 11.—Prof. W. H. Ruebush returned from North Carolina, accompanied by Redman.
- 13.—Class meeting. Design of class, pink selected.
- 14.—Mr. Good gave a talk in chapel on the Y. M. C. A. Convention in Rochester, N. Y.
- 17.—Alabama becomes the 20th state represented by the student body.
- 18.—The S. C. I. quartet leaves to attend the Anti-Saloon League Convention at Richmond.
- 20.—Charles Underhill renders "David Copperfield."
- 21.—The quartet returns from Richmond reporting a good convention.
- 22.—Class meeting.
- 24.—Special orchestra rehearsal for visitors.
- 27.—Trustee meeting.
- 28.—Snowball battle between girls and boys.
- 29.—Lecture by Rev. Shuey, "Ideals." Quite a lot of excitement in the

- dining-room on account of the missing locks on Prof. Brandt's head.
- 31.—The measles seems to be leading the day. When the dining-room doors are locked don't forget there are skeleton keys.

February.

- 1.—Boys, get permission before you hire the sleigh for your lady friend. The boys often test the firmness of the walks since the second snow.
- 2.—Prof. calls a secret meeting of the boys. Wonder what's the trouble?
- 3.—Concert given by Harrisonburg talent.
- 5.—Entertainment given by the Senior Elocution Class.
- 7.—Alberta Amado arrived from Guatemala. Mr. Smith has measles and a broken heart, too.
- 8.—"Seven" spills his milk. Too bad! He's awfully fond of milk.
- 9.—Class meeting.
- 10.—Juniors ate pie with their fingers. The Senior Elocution class plays in Bridgewater.
- 11.—Raisin cake for supper, one of the boys mistook it for "Cracklin" bread.
- 12.—Zenobians gave an entertainment.
- 14.—Y. W. C. A. entertain Y. M. C. A. in the parlors.
- 15.—Mr. Baker, of Pickens, S. C., visited S. C. I.
- 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Adams, of Massachusetts, visit their sons, masters Alred and Edgar.
- 17.—Mr. Carl Smith applies for patent on cow tail retainer. Parker arrived in time for chapel. Must have staid up all night.
- 18.—Miss Chase rendered "A Singular Life" in Staunton. Miss Hockman leaves for her home on account of ill health.
- 19.—Bachelor's debate.
- 21.—Mr. Wilcox, of New York, visits Y. M. C. A.
- 22.—Washington's birthday. Celebrated by working.
- 24.—Miss Burrus left for her home in North Carolina. Class meeting.
- 25.—Joint session of boys' societies.
- 26.—Band and Orchestra concert.
- 28.—Since beaux (bows) are scarce, the lady members of the faculty get themselves some and go to orchestra.

March.

- 1—Miss Cosby, our nurse, leaves, and all the girls are wearing a long face(?)

FINIS.

At last it is over,
The turmoil and care,
The work of this Annual,
These twelve had to bear.

If in it faults you see
Be kind in your blame;
For only by striving
Do you obtain fame.

Criticise it not harshly,
Let this make amends,
That at last it is finished,
And this is the end.





“... . Innocent sleep.
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,”—

- 2.—Miss Fretwell takes place of nurse for a week.
- 4.—Prof. and Mrs. Brandt leave. Prof. J. H. moved into ladies' dormitory.
- 6.—Moving pictures took place last night about 11 o'clock entitled "The Storm."
- 7.—Prof. Barglebaugh made his debut in chapel. The photographer tried his camera on different organizations of the school.
- 8.—Co-ed mixture for supper.
- 11.—Philomathean society.



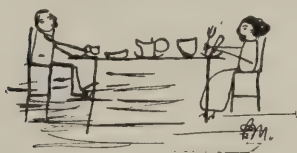
Poor Joe stood on the long veranda,
And shedding tears by the peck,
The only reason he could give,
"Some lobster's cut me out with 'Beck,'"

- 12.—First baseball game of the season. Spring Creek and S. C. I. Score, 6 to 4 in our favor. The Zenobians entertain by taking faculty and students to North Pole.
- 15.—Moving Picture Show in Piano Room to an audience of four on the Campus. A Junior ran to the rescue of his fellow class-mates.
- 16.—Class Meeting.
- 17.—Photographer here again.
- 19.—Ball game between Mt. Solon and S. C. I.,—score, 20 to 4 in our favor. "Twelfth Night," by the Senior English Class.
- 23.—Ball game in Harrisonburg, between Harrisonburg High School and S. C. I.,—score, 7 to 6 in our favor.
- 24.—Ball game between Gettysburg College and S. C. I. G. C. Shut out.
- 25.—Easter holiday.
- 26.—Field day.
- 27.—Easter services at the church.
- 29.—Grand Concert Co.
- 31.—Class meeting.

April.

- 1.—April Fool Day. Juniors sold in looking for gold.

- 2.—Ball game between Harrisonburg High School and S. C. I. Score 11 to 8 in our favor.
- 5.—First and second teams cross bats.
- 6.—Baseball game between Spring Creek and second team. Ask Hammond the score.
- 9.—Ball game with Clover Hill. They'll never come back. Operetta "The Merry Milk-Maids," rendered by the Vocal Class.
- 11.—Harrisonburg High School, Second Team, and Second Nine of S. C. I. Mr. Harp, of Baltimore visiting here.
- 13.—Ball game, Juniors and Freshmen,—score, 7 to 4 in favor of Juniors.
- 14.—The Faculty and a number of Students attended the Organ Recital in Harrisonburg.
- 15.—The boys attended Field Day in Harrisonburg.
- 16.—Ball game, Bridgewater vs. S. C. I.,—score 5 to 3 in our favor.
- 18.—Lecture in Chapel,—“When the cats are away the mice will play.”
- 20.—Fresh fish for supper.
- 21.—Ball game with Greenbrier Presbyterial College, Lewisburg, W. Va.,—score, 7 to 0 in our favor.



When "Toppie" gets to glory,
With his happiness increased,
It will be because he finds up there,
Miss Clara at the feast.

- 22.—Prof. Clarkson takes dinner at Miss Parke's table.
- 23.—Bridgewater and S. C. I. crossed bats on the grounds of the former,—score, 5 to 2 in favor of S. C. I. Social in Auditorium.
- 26.—Mr. Andrews of Roanoke, Va., makes a talk in Chapel. Prayer Service held on the grounds for the new building. Prof. J. H. Ruebush attends the Convention in LaFayette, Ind. Mr. Robert Rinker visits friends here.
- 27.—Prof. Funkhouser on time for Chapel, cause unknown.
- 29.—Joint Session of Boys' Societies.
- 30.—Holiday for all,—outings to Rawley Springs and Weyer's Cave. Ball Team returns from Staunton and Waynesboro.

May.

- 2.—Mr. Steed left for his home in Georgia.

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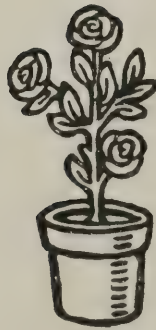
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- 3.—Mr. Milford makes a talk in Chapel on the Meeting of Y. M. C. A. in Danville, Va.
- 5.—Prof. Gammans gets a hair cut.
- 7—The team plays Massanutten at Woodstock. Scotch program rendered.
- 9—Brains for supper.
- 11—Elocutionary entertainment given by the Post graduates.
- 12—Massanutten Academy and S. C. I. play their second game. 5 to 0 for S. C. I.
- 13 —Prof Clarkson makes a rush for Miss Parke's table around the back way.
- 14—Ball game with with Massanutten Academy at Harrisonburg, deciding championship of the Valley in favor of S. C. I.
- 21—Band Reunion, Restrictions off all day—S. C. I. won from Harrisonburg, before 800 fans, the score 4 to 2.



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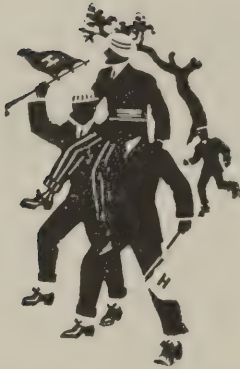
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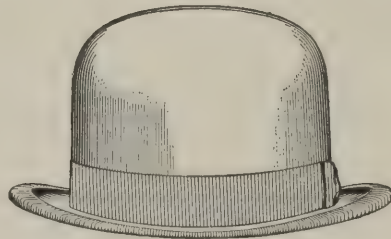


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